TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1496.

DEADLY GAME OF SECRETS SEE PAGES 22 AND 27

# JOHN BULL

# No man looks twice at you

With vivid, attractive girls all around, you won't be noticed if anæmia is robbing you of colour and vitality. You can't be vivacious if you feel like a wet rag. Nor will cosmetics disguise a sallow, bloodless skin. But Wincarnis will banish anæmia by creating rich new blood. It will build up your strength, give you fresh energy, make you sleep more soundly. Start taking a glass two or three times a day, and you'll soon be a new person. Your complexion will take on the healthy glow of natural beauty—you'll wake up in the mornings refreshed and ready for anything. Give Wincarnis a trial, you'll soon feel the benefit, find you're getting back your looks, your sparkle, the vivacity which makes men find you attractive.

Wincarnis is simply a pure delicious wine reinforced with the energising vitamins, the nerve building and tonic properties of malt and beef extracts. Wincarnis has been proved by over 20,000 recommendations from doctors to be a most effective remedy for all run down conditions and nervous complaints. 3/3 and 5/6 from wine merchants, licensed grocers and chemists. Get a bottle to-day. You'll feel the benefit with your very first glass.

FREE. 4½d. in stamps (for postage, etc.) will bring you a generous sample from the makers, Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 178, Wincarnis Works, NORWICH.

WINCARNIS
THE WINE OF LIFE

***Thought she would never recover***

"8 years ago I had a very severe breakdown from which I thought I should never recover. I was in hospital under specialists, also an in-patient in Nerve Hospital from which I derived no benefit. Then I was sent to Somerset to a home. I came back no better, so I wrote for a sample of WINCARNIS, to which I owe my recovery as I have been taking it ever since. People think I am simply wonderful how I have recovered. To-day, thank God, I am cured and married again and do all my work with ease."
Mrs. F.W.R.—, Birmingham.

***Wincarnis saved life and reason***

"I had given up hope, having had nervous debility and become the despair of everyone—just longing to die out of everyone's way. Nothing roused me. Now thanks to WINCARNIS I am a different woman and back at my work advising everybody to give WINCARNIS a trial. It saved my life and certainly my reason."
Nurse D——, Oxford.

OVER 20,000 RECOMMENDATIONS FROM DOCTORS

# MEN WITH SPARE TIME

**YOUR OPPORTUNITY!**

Lucrative spare-time occupation for men in regular work to represent one of London's oldest cash and credit houses supplying the finest values in Drapery, Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Toys, Jewellery, etc. Dignified, pleasant work, generous terms, no outlay. Wonderful range of samples supplied. Experience quite unnecessary. Every support given. Acknowledged the best steady spare-time agency of all. Early application advisable. Write for details NOW to: **The Staff Manager, FREEMANS, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11**

# JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

# COVENTRY CYCLES 57/6 LOW EASY TERMS

Don't pay Agents' prices. Buy direct from Coventry, and SAVE ONE POUND and more. Sports, Lightweights, and 3 Speeds, on approval, carriage paid. Forty years' advertising in this paper, and thousands of satisfied customers. Get my free Catalogue now.
**Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., Dept. 3, Coventry**

# THE NEW ADANA HIGH-SPEED AUTOMATIC PRINTING MACHINE

**28/6**
Cash or Easy Terms

A Real Automatic Machine in Every Detail in accurate Metal Die-Castings. Nothing has been spared to produce a high-class Printing Machine. Fine adjustments a simple matter, impression is entirely mechanical. You can print

**1000 COPIES PER HOUR**

Any size of paper or card can be printed. Perfect inking. Standard printers' type and blocks of all descriptions. Adjustable lay gauge, no gauge pins required. Write at once for illustrated Particulars & Samples of Work.

Greater MONEY MAKING POSSIBILITIES THAN EVER BEFORE
*FREE with Machine* 100 PAGE BOOK "65 Ways Of Making Money With A Printing Machine."

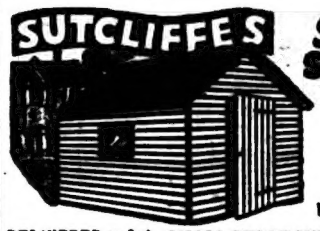
**17/18, CHURCH ST., TWICKENHAM.**
London Depot—1, Ludgate House, Fleet St., E.C.4.
Manchester Depot—46, Oldham Street.

# 1/3 A WEEK REAL PIANO ACCORDION

Send for 5/- Deal Pack to Approved Callers. Genuine Piano Action. Sloping Keyboard. 41 Keys. 8 Bass. Hand-made Piano-Polished Rosewood Case with Fluted Top. Ajax Reeds. 14-Fold Long Extension Bellows. Strapped. Metal Protectors to All Corners. Leather Powerful. Size 13 x 6 x 11 ins. Magnificent Tone and Money Back. With 5/- Tutor FREE. 66/-. Delight or List of Many Other Bargains. Post Free.

**PAIN'S** PRESENTS Music (DEPT. 50 UX) **HASTINGS**

# SUTCLIFFE'S Store SHED from 2/9 MONTHLY



Design S.S.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Rent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied free. (Floors extra.)

**SMALL STORE SHEDS from 20/-**

| Long | Wide | High | Cash or 12 payments. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6½ft. | £1 | 10 | 0 | 2/6 |
| 7ft. | 6ft. | 6½ft. | 2 | 12 | 6 | 3/- |
| 10ft. | 7ft. | 6½ft. | 3 | 10 | 0 | 6/6 |
| 12ft. | 8ft. | 7ft. | 4 | 15 | 0 | 8/10 |

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

**F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks.** London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford St., W.1.

# THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

Let your boys play Riley Billiards and they won't want to go out at nights.

5/- down brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balances monthly.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington, or Dept. 15, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1

**WRITE TO-DAY FOR ART LIST.**

Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

# TEA Agents Wanted! £1—£2

**A WEEK MADE BY SPARE-TIME AGENTS! Much More by Full-Time Agents.**

Here is a chance for YOU to make money! Sealon Teas are the easiest to sell because they are the finest obtainable at the lowest prices. Once tried, repeat orders come automatically and regularly. Accredited Agents are given every support. Let us send you proof and particulars of how to make money, as thousands of our Agents are doing. Write NOW to:

(Dept. J.B.), 71, Hilton Street, London, E.C.1.

**SEALON TEA CO.**

# FREE!

(1) Attache Case (value 5/6).
(2) Tea Bags with your own name (if desired).
(3) Illustrated Leaflets with your own name.

# Wonderful Offer!

## LIFE-SIZE PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

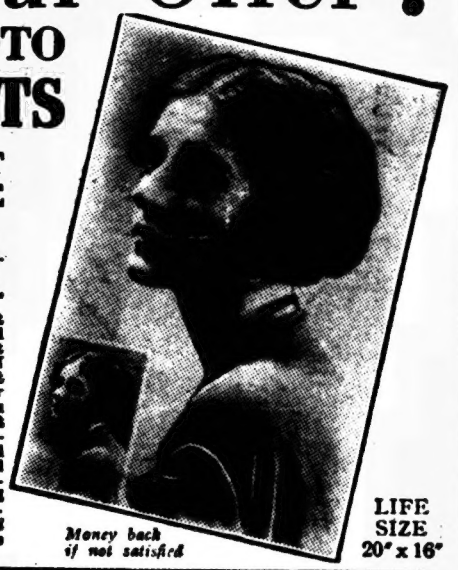
ONLY **1/-** POST FREE

By using Coupon below

(*Overseas orders 1/6*).

USUAL LIST PRICE 1/9.

Seize this opportunity by ordering at once! This special coupon is only valid for a limited period. A 1/9 enlargement for 1/-. FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION from any Photograph Guaranteed. It will delight you. Send us the photo of any relative or friend, or any dear one you may have lost, or *holiday snapshots*, pet animals, landscapes, groups, etc., together with P.O. 1/- for each photo, and the 9d. coupon below, and we will send post *free* in about 14 days a lovely life-size, 20 in. x 16 in. Enlargement *that will not fade*. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. *Be sure to write your name and address on the back of all photos sent, to ensure safe return.*



*Money back if not satisfied*

LIFE SIZE 20" x 16"

VALUE **9D.** as part payment for H. & A. Enlargement.

**COUPON** To HOWARD & ALAN LTD. (Dept. B.7), 188-6, Gt. Portland St., Oxford St., London, W.1. I enclose Photograph(s) and Postal Order (1/- for each Photo). Please supply 20 x 16 ins. enlargement as per your special offer in "John Bull."

Name.....

Address.....

*You may use this coupon for more than one Photo if desired. Send 1/- for each enlargement.*

# UNBELIEVABLE OFFER! Everybody obtains this MINORETTA ACCORDION FREE!

This popular minor model instrument with a full scale of notes reproducing popular tunes is given absolutely FREE to every purchaser of 15 3-hole type, 100% Sheffield "Double Life" Razor Blades at 1/-, post and packing 6d. This is another of our stupendous advertising "stunts" to popularise our famous blades. Simply send 1/6 now to receive your Minoretta Accordion and 15 Blades. No waiting. Sent per return. Nothing more to pay. Money refunded if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable, or Gift not approved of.

**AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. A.J. 24), 88, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.** (*Opposite Dairy's.*)

# SOUTH WESTERN

MOTOR HOUSES.

| L. | W. | Cash. | Down 12 Pts. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9 | 6 | 66/6 | 6/- | 6/- |
| 11 | 7 | 89/6 | 8/6 | 8/3 |
| 13 | 7 | 106/6 | 9/- | 10/- |

ALL SECTIONAL

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM STOCK

250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for Free Cat. S.B. (Sheds, etc.) G.H. (Greenhouses).

GARDEN SHEDS.

| L. | W. | Cash. | Down. | 12 Pts. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | 4 | 24/6 | 2/- | 2/1 |
| 8 | 6 | 44/6 | 4/- | 3/11 |
| 10 | 7 | 69/6 | 5/- | 6/2 |

**SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929) LTD.**
Dept. J., Wagon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1151 (5 lines).

# RUPTURE

**SCRAP UNDERSTRAPS AND HARMFUL BALL FRONTED PADS WHICH PRESS INTO AND WIDEN THE BREAK.**

**STUDY PAD BELOW.**

MANY OTHER MODELS WITHOUT UNDERSTRAPS

This New Appliance does away with understraps. It is a cleverly designed elastic belt with the famous Blunden pads adjusted in such a skilful manner that the Rupture is held gently and firmly—giving great comfort and security, particularly to the lowest and weakest part. If insured obtain through your Approved Society.

A Blunden pad: Flat with thickest part at bottom.

YOU PAY AFTER 7 DAYS' TRIAL, NOT BEFORE. WRITE NOW.

**BLUNDEN SURGICAL APPLIANCE Co., Ltd.** (Dept. 250 W), 9, Oxford St., London, W.1. Manchester Branch: 6, John Dalton St.

# The New 4-Way CLOTHES AIRER

The most sensible Clothes Airer and drier ever invented. Will take a whole wash yet occupies less room than ordinary airer when folded. Any of the four folds can be dropped separately or altogether. Makes an ideal Overcoat airer when folded. Perfectly rigid. Strongly made, and all moving parts screwed. Will last a lifetime. Sent securely packed and carriage paid. Money back if not delighted. Price only 5/9. SEND NOW.

**J. E. GLENDON**, Woodware Manufacturer, "Neale Villas," Wolverhampton Road, South Town, Wolverhampton.

# Money Back after a Weeks Trial should you be dissatisfied The G·B·S Super-Safety Razor

is by construction SOMETHING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT —shaving the toughest beard with ease and as near to pleasure as shaving can be. Send for Free Booklet, or P.O. for ... ... **3/6** which is returned (together with all outlay) after one week's trial if customer dissatisfied.

**G. & R. B. SMITH, LTD., 82, ROBERTSON STREET, GLASGOW.**

# £2-2-0 VALUE FOR 9/6

# WRIST WATCH 18 CT. PLATED WARRANTED 10 YEARS

**ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE** of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine Lever lady's 18 ct. plated expanding bracelet watch—made for the Australian market to be sold at £2 2s.—direct from us at a price which we, as expert valuers, know to be a world-wide achievement, ranking us as the **British House for Amazing Bargains.** 9/6, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW!

**AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS LTD. (Dept. J.B.B.4), 88, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.** (*Opposite Dairy's.*)

# A NEW RECORD WIRELESS BARGAIN

My wonderful range of 1935 Wireless Sets are far in advance of all others, and MUCH LOWER IN PRICE. Ready to switch on, and Carriage Paid. Send a P.C. for Free Catalogue.

Just only £3-10s. CASH or EASY TERMS

Visit our NEW PREMISES

**Chas. F. Nelson Ltd.** WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, No. 8 **COVENTRY**

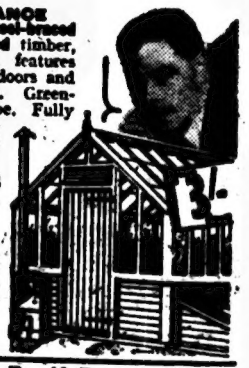
# SALE

**NOW IS YOUR CHANCE** to buy Thorn's "Strongrex" steel-braced Buildings made with all planed timber, at SALE PRICES. Special features include mortised and tenoned doors and windows, improved appearance. Greenhouse glass cut to size and shape. Fully Guaranteed and easily erected. Confidential Terms. **Write to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 48.**

**SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS**

| Long. | Wide. | High. | Cash Price. | Deposit. | Mthly. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6ft. | 4ft. | 6ft. | £2 | 5 0 or 5/6 | 5/11 |
| 8ft. | 5ft. | 6½ft. | £2 | 15 0 or 6/- | 6/6 |
| 10ft. | 7ft. | 6½ft. | £4 | 5 0 or 6/9 | 8/- |

Post Roof Sheds 22/-. Garages 66/6. GREENHOUSES from 55/-. GARDEN FRAMES from 15/-. HEATING APPARATUS from 22 6s. Delivered Free or Carr. Paid in England & Wales.



**THORNS**

**J. THORN & SONS, LTD.,** 'Phone: Bexleyheath 305 (5 lines)

Box 46, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

# Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

**Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. CURE OFF the Danger List.**

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness; premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW.**

(Prescription No. 1169/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

*Privately packed and post free at these prices from*

**Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.,** (Dept. J.B.89A), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

# NEW AND RE-CONDITIONED GOODS.

All Goods are cleaned, pressed and renovated. We make this offer for the purpose of introducing cheap but good wearing apparel for the working man.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Men's Jackets .. | 2/6 | Men's Waistcoats .. | 1/- |
| Men's Suits .. | 12/6 | Men's Boots & Shoes .. | 3/6 pr. |
| Men's Trousers .. | 1/6 pr. | Men's Breeches | 2/6 pr. |
| Men's Overcoats .. | 4/6 | New Boys' and Girls' Waterproof Footwear | 1/6 pr. |

Above obtainable in all sizes.

22½ x 36½. New Hats, 1/6 each.

SMALL TRADERS should try our £1 and £2 ASSORTED BARGAIN BALES, CASH OR C.O.D.

Order now—or send 4d. stamps for packing and postage to receive 1 doz. Razor Blades and Catalogue FREE.

**JOHN KING & CO., Ltd.,** (Dept. J.B.), 187, St. George St., London, E.1.

## SOLID SILVER
PLATED
ENGLISH LEVER PATTERN

**7/6** POST 6d

Massive timepiece made with the care of hand-made watch-making of a century ago, assuring everlasting reliability. Finely adjusted lever movement gives accuracy to a minute a month. Unscratchable E.T. case, incorporating extra inside dustproof dome. Shock-proof. Non-Magnetic. Cannot be overwound. Clear white enamelled dial. 15 years' guarantee. Free Repair Service. 7/6, post 6d. Keyless Model same price. FREE Solid Silver effect Curb Chain, medallion for initial and key.

AIRCRAFT PRODS.-G15, Ltd. (Dept. J.L.11), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

## I'M IN FRONT AGAIN

FOR REAL VALUE

I offer the finest ALL-BRITISH Wireless Sets at bargain prices, including Battery and All Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL. PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully Illustrated Art Catalogue.

Ariel LTD. WIRELESS SPECIALISTS, COVENTRY.

3/10 CASH OR Monthly NOW

## DON'T WEAR DRAINPIPES!
ALL SMART MEN NOW WEAR

## SEMI-OXFORD FLANNELS

18, 20, 21, 22, 23 or 24 bottoms. Silver, Med., or Dark Grey. Waist 30-46. Leg 27-32. Well cut and made from tested Flannel, fitted with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets and buttons inside, permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg & width bottom required.

**5/-** Post 6d. or C.O.D.

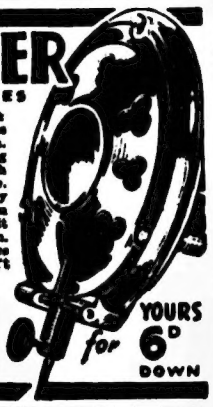
2 pairs 10/6 post pd.

Key to Purchasers of Flannel Trousers.

Also, Margaret's Woollen Slip-over in Blue, Maroon, Grey. **1/6**

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.6), 120/124, South Road, TWICKENHAM.

THE MAGIC
## AMPLIFIER
FOR ALL GRAMOPHONES

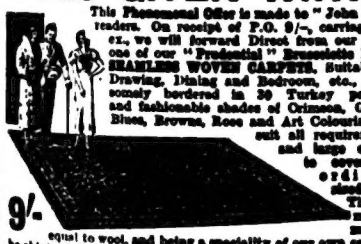


Puts 100 % vibrant life into old & cheap Gramophones. Improves new ones beyond recognition. A scientific soundbox making old records new, producing rich tones never suspected there. Fit a "Magic" Amplifier (only 9/6 cash or 6d. down and ten weekly payments of 1/-) and it will rival an expensive radiogram. Generous gift of "Magic" needles with every Soundbox. You don't need a new gramophone, but you do need a "Magic" Amplifier. Send right now. State if present soundbox fits into or slips over the tone-arm.

YOURS for 6D DOWN

E. HARRIES & CO., 48, NORTHGATE HARLOW YORKS

## RUGS GIVEN AWAY!



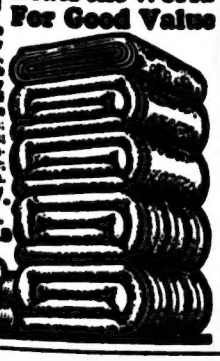
This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- ext., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material

**9/-**

equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

F. Hodgson & Sons (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

## GRAVES
Fine Quality Sale Beats the World For Good Value



Two Great British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with neat borders, whipped ends. 63 x 88in; 7½lb pair; Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60x90in, 6lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in; One Bolster Case, 20 x 30in; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 72x94in. Complete. Carriage Paid. 42/-

3/6 Now

3/6 Monthly. Drapery Catalogue Free.

J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

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Magnificent Hohner Accordion, Piano finished Body, 16 Fold Metal Bound Bellows. Steel Reeds. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. **Send only 3/6 deposit. Balance 5/- monthly until 75/- is paid, or Full Cash Balance within 7 days 69/6 only.** Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of Models with 25 Keys 12 Bass; 25 Keys 24 Bass; 34 Keys 48 Bass; 41 Keys 120 Bass; etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.32), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

LIQUIDATION STOCK THOUSANDS OF WONDERFUL BARGAINS OFFERED ON EASY TERMS SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE OF PLATINUM SET DIAMOND & GEM RINGS WATCH BRACELETS GENTS POCKET & WRISTLET WATCHES

65-5-0 VALUE for 69/6. Yours for 1/- Deposit. Solid Gold, English hall-marked Wrist Watch. Fine quality jewelled movement, opal dial, timed to a minute a month. Fitted Fashionable Silk Elastic Cord. 10 Years' Warranty. Sent for 1/- Deposit. If satisfactory, 2/- payable on receipt and 5/- Monthly until 52/6 is paid, or full cash in 7 days 49/6 only.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.17), 94-104, Denmark Hill, S.E.5.

## FOR YOU!

Here's your opportunity for a big rise. Complete the coupon below and obtain details of the easiest, simplest and most enjoyable way of adding to your income—become an Agent for the Amprico Treble Value 6d. Club Cards. This is no ordinary spare time proposition, it has numerous advantages over all others. Many Agents earning

**FROM £3—£5 WEEKLY.**

Remember all Commissions are paid weekly. You will eventually respond to our offer—why not now? Send the coupon to-day.

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To AMBLER, PRICE & OOLE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.)
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Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated catalogue.

NAME .....
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(BLOCK LETTERS)

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B.128. 16.2.35

## GREATER VALUE HAS NEVER BEEN OFFERED

You will be astounded at the amazing prices, make and design. Send for

**FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE**

and see for yourself.

Heating Apparatus from 25/6
Coal Boxes from 19/6
Free Delivery by Lorry or Rail Eng. & Wales.
Frames from 19/6
Brooders from 6/6
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Poultry Houses from 19/6 or 2/- down
Wood, Asbestos and All-Steel Motor Houses from 25 or 4/- down
Greenhouses from 47/6 or 2/6 down
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BATH'S 9-T, SOUTHAMPTON ST., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

## NAILBITING

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently free yourself (or a child!) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous, I am completely cured after being addicted for 20 years.'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 2½d. stamp for postage.

FILTEX LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

post 6d. 24 tunes at 1d. each. Send 2/- and 6d. Post NOW.

ENTIRELY NEW SET OF TUNES!

Undoubtedly the greatest offer ever made to the public. Enormous purchase of manufacturer's Bankrupt Stock alone makes such amazing value possible. All absolutely NEW. Every record different. Many famous bands included in the 24 full-length recent Dance Hits with vocal refrain and Comedy Numbers. Originally sold at 1/9 each—now offered by us at 12 for 2/-. Performance Rights Allowed. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS Ltd. (Dept. J.R.0.5), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. (Opposite Gieves' central entrance).

## SPRAY PUMP BARGAINS!

Catalogue free

Great for creosote, disinfectant, whitewash, fire, windows, etc. Brand new American Army Surplus Pattern. Brass Pump with 4 gallon galvanised container, 5ft. hosepipe, brass nozzle with 3 jets (rose, straight jet and mist for spraying creosote or whitewash), complete only 21/- carriage paid. Money back guarantee. Thousand other bargains, including 60ft. ribbed hose 10/-, carriage paid. Catalogue free.

Greens Army Stores, 669, Albert Street, Lytham.

## BABY CLOTHES

**30/-** IS ALL YOU NEED PAY ME FOR A MAGNIFICENT HOME-MADE LAYETTE.

EVERYTHING READY FOR BABY'S ARRIVAL

Modern Short Lengths or Usual Long Clothes.

78 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Emb. Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightlies, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

A RECENT TESTIMONIAL READS: "No purchaser could be anything but delighted with the lovely garments in the layette. I think they are gorgeous and certainly worth double the price."

SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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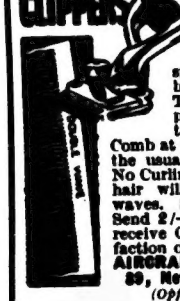

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JOHN BULL

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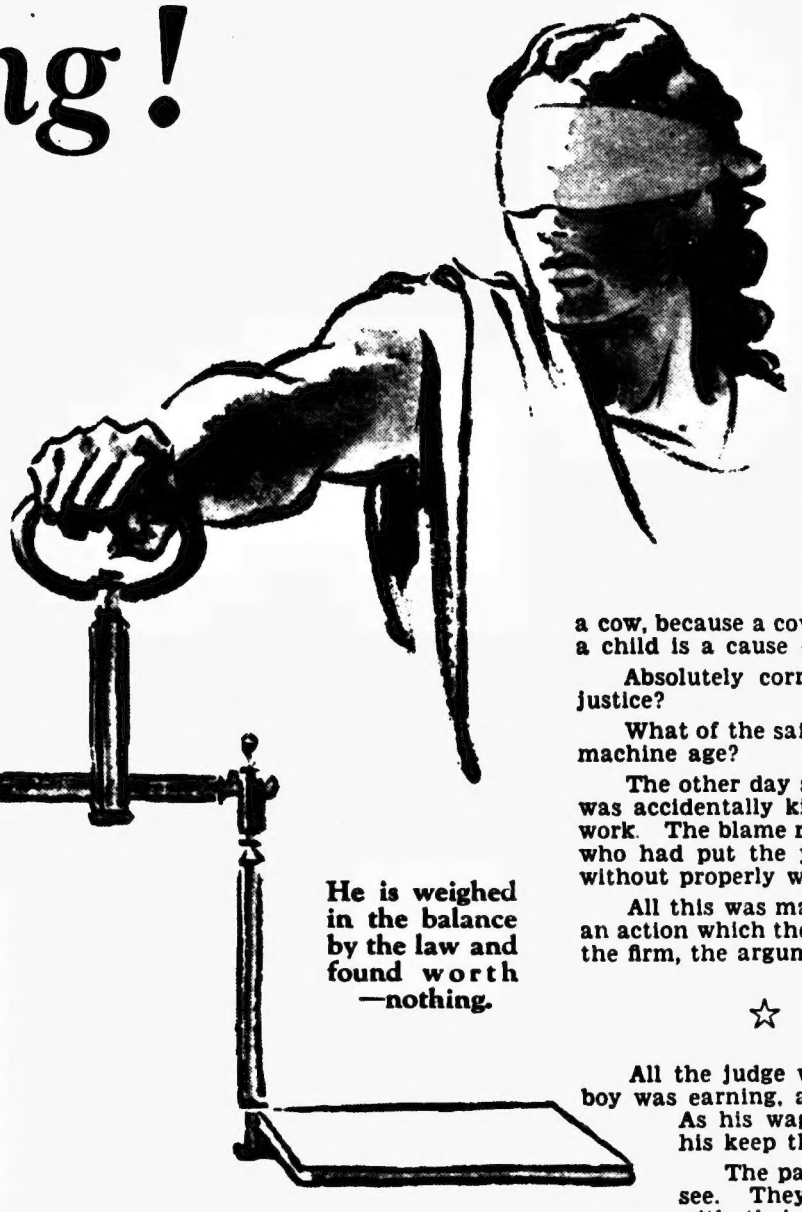
# Your CHILD WORTH *Nothing!*



He is weighed in the balance by the law and found worth —nothing.

**How much is your child worth to you?**

**Of course, you hate the suggestion that any amount of money could possibly compensate you for its loss. But just suppose, for a moment, that by the operation of some diabolical law you were compelled to part with your child in exchange for cash, and forced to name the figure that would close the horrible bargain.**

**It would be a pretty high one, wouldn't it? You would say, naturally, that you were being robbed of a treasure which no amount of money could replace. If some cruel law forced you to surrender your child, you would justly feel that no price was too high to ask in exchange for it.**

**It may surprise you to learn that there is a law in existence which determines the cash value of your child. The Common Law of England has settled the question long ago. What value do you think it sets upon a child's life?**

**The answer is terrible and shocking. It says that your child is worth just nothing at all. In terms of money child life is so cheap that if, through negligence, the child is killed, no damages can be recovered from the person whose carelessness has caused its death.**

In the Midlands, recently, a firm of building contractors was sued in respect of the accidental death of a little boy of seven. The builders had left an unfenced pit, some ten feet deep, at the side of the road, with no sign warning people to avoid it.

Skipping merrily home from school one afternoon, playing with other children, the poor little chap fell into the gaping hole and broke his neck.

☆ ★ ☆

The bereaved parents sued the building firm for damages. The firm admitted negligence, but denied legal liability. They were upheld by the County Court judge, who had to explain to the father and mother that the law attached no value to their little son's life, and that the most he could award them was a sum sufficient to cover the funeral expenses, and a bit of "mourning" to wear upon the saddest occasion in their lives.

So the damages were assessed at £10.

The parents, not familiar with the intricacies of the law, must have felt that this paltry award was a cruel mockery of their grief and loss.

**In the opinion of John Bull the present state of the law as regards children killed through negligence is monstrously unfair, a barbarous relic of the Dark Ages. It is an insult to every sorrowing parent, a slight upon every slaughtered child.**

## Without Fear or Favour

The law is cynical, inhuman. To the parent whose child has been accidentally killed it says, in effect:

"Pray, what damage have you suffered through the careless killing of a dependent child? Far from being injured, you are benefited. You are actually in pocket through its death. No longer will you be at the expense of feeding and clothing it. Such expenditure as you might have incurred in the future for its maintenance and education you will now be saved. Therefore, beyond the cost of burial, you have no legal claim to redress."

Although no judge or lawyer would put it so bluntly, this is the precise purport of the existing law.

Not very long ago, in the West of England, a motorist ran over and killed an eight-year-old girl. At the inquest the jury found that the motorist had been guilty of negligence, but that the negligence was not of so gross a kind as to justify a charge of manslaughter.

The parents then brought an action against the car-driver for damages in respect of the child's death. The County Court judge gave the case a long and patient hearing. Quite obviously, he sympathised with the parents' claim, but he was shackled by the law's rusty fetters, and hindered from awarding just and substantial damages. So the untimely cutting off of the life of a little girl who might have lived to be an aid and comfort to her parents, a help in the home, and a companion all their days, was "compensated" by the niggardly award of £15.

Even this wretched pittance, you will understand, was for the undertaker. The child, in the law's estimation, had no value at all.

The County Court judge put the case with admirable clearness: "As the law is framed to-day it is cheaper to kill a child than a cow, because a cow is a source of profit, whereas a child is a cause of expense."

**Absolutely correct, legally. But how about justice?**

**What of the safety of children in this perilous machine age?**

**The other day a fourteen-year-old apprentice was accidentally killed the first week he started work. The blame rested upon a careless foreman, who had put the youngster to a dangerous job without properly warning him.**

All this was made clear at the inquest, but in an action which the boy's parents brought against the firm, the argument took quite another line.

☆ ★ ☆

All the judge wanted to know was what the boy was earning, and what it cost to keep him. As his wages were less than the cost of his keep the action abruptly ended.

The parents had suffered no loss, you see. They were better off, financially, with their son dead than alive. Grief, shock, disappointment are not weighed in the legal balance. Money alone counts.

But though the law operates in this way with children it is different in the case of pigs, sheep or dogs. These creatures have a definite money value in the eye of the law.

Some years ago a man whose negligence caused the death of a promising racehorse had to pay £500. More recently a motorist who ran into a flock of sheep, killing several of them and injuring others, was ordered to pay £150.

Financially, to kill a valuable dog is a more serious matter than to kill a beloved child.

**We say emphatically that a law which contains these anomalies should be condemned at once, and swept out of existence.**

The purpose of legal damages is twofold: first to compensate an injured person for the injury he has suffered, and second, to punish the negligent offender for the wrong he has done.

It requires proof of the grossest negligence to warrant a prosecution for manslaughter.

We contend that, wherever the life of a child has been destroyed through the carelessness of some grown-up person, the law should give the parents the right to full and substantial damages, if only as recognition of the value of a child's life to the community.

No money can compensate bereaved parents for the loss of a child. Nothing can repair such a heartrending disaster. But a civilised land ought to set a higher legal value on its babies than on its beasts.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

# The Coroner Mustn't Put the Handcuffs on!

*He may fancy himself in the judge's wig, with the power to put the handcuffs on . . . but nobody else does*

SIR JOHN GILMOUR, Home Secretary, yielded to our insistent demand for an official enquiry into the almighty powers of the coroner.

Now we make another one. A coroner, we say, must not be allowed to put the handcuffs on.

In other words, he must not have power to return a verdict of Wilful Murder against any particular person.

For that person is thereby condemned without trial—as good as branded as a murderer before ever being brought before judge and jury.

## *Denial of justice*

That is an utter negation of our British justice, which proudly declares that no one may be deemed guilty unless convicted after a full and proper trial.

It is intolerable that a man or woman can be condemned as guilty of murder by a coroner and forced to endure great worry and humiliation before being acquitted by a properly constituted court of justice—and acquitted of a charge that might never have been made but for the flimsy evidence that can be brought forward at an inquest.

For it must be remembered that the ordinary rules of evidence do not apply in the coroner's court.

## *Four months' ordeal*

Yet the police are bound to act on the coroner's verdict. The accused person is arrested, there are preliminary police-court proceedings—often very lengthy—and perhaps months elapse before he or she is tried and acquitted.

A glaring example of delay was the famous case of Harold Greenwood, whose wife died from arsenical poisoning. Arrested after the coroner's verdict of Wilful Murder against him, he was not set free until four months had passed.

## *Honourably acquitted*

Recently, at an inquest, a London herbalist was accused of murdering a woman by means of an illegal operation.

When, after considerably delay, he was put on trial, he was acquitted.

After many hours of close interrogation, another man was branded as a murderer at an inquest and duly arrested. The circumstances were such that a famous London K.C. undertook his defence without fee and secured his acquittal when he appeared at Birmingham Assizes

## *Gravest abuse*

We repeat emphatically that the coroner should not be allowed to fasten the handcuffs on a suspected person's wrists. His duty should be confined to enquiring into the cause of death; the allocation of responsibility must be left to the judge or magistrate.

Unless the official committee of enquiry makes a recommendation to this effect we shall consider it to have left untouched one of the gravest abuses of the coroner's court.

And we trust it will accomplish its task with the least possible delay, for the need for reform is urgent.

# *Parson Insults the Bereaved*

## *Anonymous Letters We Like*

## *Widows' hardships*

We hope the Government will allow Mr. Vivian McEntee's Rent Act Amendment Bill to pass, for it would end the stupid anomaly through which many widows are suffering hardship

Those whose husbands die without making a will are allowed to remain in their home, but if the husband makes a will his widow can be evicted or forced to pay higher rent. One woman was told to get out two days after the funeral!

## *Nine into three goes—*

But the Bill to stop overcrowding is not so generous as many people suppose.

It includes the living-room as a bedroom and doesn't count a baby as a child. So in a house with a living-room and two bedrooms (one of them an attic) the Bill would allow parents, six children between the ages of one and ten, and a baby.

There is still time to amend this proposal. What about it, M.P.s?

## *Isolate fever cases!*

We also think that it's time the isolation of people suffering from scarlet fever was made compulsory.

The need can be illustrated by a single case. In a Suffolk cottage a man lay dying with tuberculosis; in the only other bedroom slept his wife, her mother and two children.

The children contracted scarlet fever, but the mother and grandmother still had to occupy the same room, the mother becoming infected the day after her husband died. Yet the grandmother refused to allow the three sufferers to be isolated.

## *Dangers of infection*

Not until she, too, was struck down and died were the authorities able to remove the others, which has led the Blyth rural council to emphasise the necessity for greater powers.

The necessity is all the more obvious now that doctors declare scarlet fever to be a much more serious disease than was once thought.

## *Mean wage dodge*

And we wish something could be done to stop the flagrant exploitation of old people.

At Morley, Yorkshire, elderly mill workers are having deducted from their wages the amount they get in old-age pension.

This fact, reported by a trade union leader, has been denied by the local manufacturers' associations, but our enquiries bear out his allegation. And we know that the practice is by no means unusual elsewhere

Why should State pensions be used to subsidise greedy employers?

## *Wrong girl*

Another type of employer is introduced by the unhappy experience of Miss Marion Parle, a Liverpool shop assistant who was wrongfully accused of theft and instantly dismissed.

Now the real culprit has been discovered and admits her guilt. Yet Miss Parle's employers refuse to reinstate her.

We agree with the magistrate that it is "hard lines" on her, though that phrase but mildly expresses our sense of the injustice done to her.

## *Insult to injury*

It is still more difficult to use restrained language when referring to the Rev. T. R. Warrilow, a Grimsby vicar.

At a memorial service to the crew of the lost trawler *Jeria*, which was attended by the bereaved families, he reproached the people of Grimsby for remaining "untouched and unmoved to repentance" by frequent tragedies of the sea.

If the need for repentance is indicated by the deaths of brave men, then fisher-folk must be the most sinful section of the community, while forgers and pickpockets, who rarely die in the course of their business, must be saints.

It seems to us that people who imply such nonsense are not only insulting other folk's intelligence but religion itself.

## *A diehard peer*

We are glad that Lord Mostyn is having his knuckles rapped for a different sort of affront.

As a school manager, he questioned teachers on their political and religious views, and is said to have declared that he would have no Nonconformist or Socialist in the school.

The Flint education authority has censured him in a remarkably outspoken letter, but his lordship announces that he is "not going to bother about it at all." Well, some people are very thick-skinned.

## *Letters to admire*

The sort of letter that couldn't offend the most thin-skinned is being circulated by some anonymous "Good Neighbours" of Maryport, Cumberland

Out of the money saved by going without meat one day a week, they are sending vouchers to the families of unemployed men in this hard-hit area, ensuring them at least one good meal a day.

Many of the unfortunates who receive the vouchers are sensitive about accepting charity. The hidden identity of their benefactors enables them to accept help without offending their pride.

## *Youth shut out*

Youth is knocking at the door of Birmingham's Watch Committee, but it knocks in vain. By a narrow majority the city councillors have declined to interfere with the committee's policy of extending the service of senior officers who have reached a pensionable age.

It means nothing to these veterans, of whom there are more than a dozen, that they are blocking the promotion of young and ambitious men.

"Men of seventy are more proficient than men of thirty" they have been told by one of the city fathers

But we doubt if this stupid dictum would be taken too seriously in the event of another world war.

*The Fragrant Minute.*

### WHEN DUTY CALLS

*DUTY came a-nagging, so Conscience said "I must." But oh, it was a sorry task, a task as dry as dust. For there's seldom any pleasure attached to Duty's "Must!"*

*Duty came a-calling, so Conscience said "I ought." But there wasn't any joy at all in this most proper thought. 'Tis a lifeless and a cold affair when it's nothing but an "ought!"*

*Duty came a-knocking, so Conscience cried "Come in! I've much desired to fight with you and now I will begin. Your smile is too complacent, I'll wipe it from your face, for duty has no charm at all, no pleasantness, nor grace. I'll change you into something I've always wished to do. Then you'll become a pleasure—and I will conquer you!"*

**Wilhelmina Stitch.**

*"John Bull" Copyright.*

**Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.**

## *He knows better*

One magistrate we should like to remain in office for a very long time is Mr. S. Robinson, chairman of the Gilling West petty sessions, Yorkshire

When a solicitor said he didn't think the Bench could decline to issue warrants against a number of rate defaulters, his worship promptly told him to get rid of such an impression and adjourned the cases.

At a time when many householders can't find enough money for food, let alone rates, Mr. Robinson has a more humane conception of his duties than those who regard magistrates as slot-machines for supplying warrants to rate collectors.

## *Bad to worse*

"Monstrous," says Judge Earengey about the wages of two pounds a week received by a London insurance clerk.

Let us tell him of a man aged forty, with a wife and two children, who is employed as a stoker by a Wimbledon firm. He works from 5.30 in the evening till 7.30 a.m., and for 89½ hours a week he gets £1 15s., less insurance, from which he has to pay 18s. a week for rent.

We think the judge will agree with us that there is no word quite strong enough for that.

## *Out of proportion*

A similarly unfortunate father of three children has been bound over at Swansea for stealing bottles of milk. Out of his "dole" of 32s he pays a pound a week in rent.

Much as we deplore his lapse, we deplore still more a system which tolerates such a gross diversion of public money from its proper channels Whoever else goes short, the landlord can still line his pockets!

## *Not enough*

Another of Britain's Public Enemies, John Loraine, has been laid by the heels. This fake film producer, whom we have exposed on several occasions, has pleaded guilty to four charges of false pretences and sentenced to nine months in the second division

In view of his abominable record, we think he should have got a good deal more.

## *Dubious competitions*

We have very often warned readers to avoid competitions in which prize-winners must buy certain goods before they can draw the cash they have won.

Such a competition is conducted by Sterling Textiles, Ltd., to draw attention to their catalogue of goods. This firm, we are glad to note, has lost its libel action against a newspaper which criticised its methods in much the same fashion as we have done.

## *Gas that's safe*

We note with interest that gas in Hamburg is to be made safe by eliminating the carbonic oxide, so preventing suicide or accidental death.

Though the plant required for the process is expensive, we hope all British gas concerns will consider installing it.

The fact that gas provides so easy a form of suicide is a real reason for ignoring the new invention's expense.

# DRUG DRIVEN—

## *The Doctor's Tragedy*

Highly strung, overworked—and the lure of drugs to soothe a tired brain frequently becomes irresistible

### By a Famous Physician

I KNOW a doctor, a brilliant and hard-working man, now in middle age, who spends three months out of every year in various homes for drug addicts. But he is a patient. Time and again he has been "cured" of his craving for morphia, time and again he has slipped back.

His slavery began many years ago when he was a young practitioner in an industrial town. His patients were among the very poorest and their constant ailments kept him busy all round the clock. For two years he never took a holiday—because for one thing he was lost in his work, and for another he was too poor to pay a "locum-tenens."

One day he woke up to the fact that it was many months since he had spoken to anybody except his patients, months since he had had any social relaxation or fellowship outside his work. He was sleeping badly, too, and he noticed that lately, after the night bell had jangled and he was hurriedly dressing to go out to an urgent case, he had got into the habit of taking stiffish pegs of whisky "to keep the cold out"—to shake off his jaded feeling and enable his tired brain to grapple properly with the case.

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THEN, just as this young doctor was taking stock with himself a fierce typhoid epidemic broke out in the town. After days and nights of unremitting labour he found that when at last he *should* sleep, he could not. "*Must* make myself sleep," he said. And so he began with one potent sleeping draught.

Of course, he knew when to stop. But he never did!

I will pass over the intervening years with their deepening thraldom to drugs, the years which have made him what he is—a pathetic witness to that centuries old gibe, "Physician, heal thyself."

I was reminded of that doctor when, a few days ago, the Editor of JOHN BULL showed me a pile of newspaper cuttings and invited my comments on the question with which they dealt.

They were all reports of inquests held on drug victims and of police court prosecutions under the Dangerous Drug Acts covering a period of a little over twelve months.

Nothing new about that, you may say. These affairs are unhappily familiar to everybody who reads the daily Press. But there was one aspect of that collection of reports which *is* new, and which to me as a doctor is a very grave and disquieting matter indeed.

Briefly, out of the drug inquests nine of them were held upon doctors, and among the eleven reported prosecutions, a doctor was the defendant in six. Thus my profession accounts for rather more than 50 per cent. of the total cases, leaving the balance to be split up between all the other possible occupations and walks of life among the population.

There are not, I believe, any official statistics on these matters, analysing them by occupation. It is true that one has noticed, reading the Press from day to day, an occasional "run" of doctors in these cases. But to see them all in the mass of a year's inquest and court reports, to have the evidence put bluntly, as it were, is rather a "facer."

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THERE is more in this fact than the obvious first thought that doctors have more access to drugs than the layman. There is a moral implicit in these figures for the governing bodies of our profession and a sidelight on the G.P.'s life for those members of the public who think that a doctor's consulting-room is necessarily an easily worked goldmine.

Not long ago, I remember that Sir Ernest Graham-Little, M.P. for London University and a distinguished physician, was hauled over the coals by the B.M.A. for a startling address which he gave to an assemblage of doctors on the health of the general practitioner.

He, too, had got hold of some figures of which most people had not realised the significance. He had taken the trouble to analyse the Registrar-General's reports on occupational mortality. These figures show that medicine is a hazardous profession.

Doctors belong to Class I in the Registrar's reports—that is, barristers, clergymen, the upper and middle classes—all those who have some measure of security. But their comparative death figures place them in Class V, among the unskilled workers and those holding dangerous jobs.

Doctors die particularly of diseases of strain and overwork like heart trouble and pneumonia. But the especially startling aspect of these figures were the numbers of suicides among doctors and the figures of deaths from alcoholism.

In regard to this latter cause of death, the doctor's ratio was more than that of coalminers. It was twice as high as that for "all occupied and retired civilian males."

Sir Ernest Graham-Little's figures aroused the ire of the B.M.A., but they cannot be disputed. Let me quote from the words he used explaining them. They cannot be bettered.

"In most industrial areas the medical practitioner is essentially a lonely and tired man. His isolation is in many cases a deplorable circumstance. He rarely goes to bed with the assurance of a night of unbroken sleep. He is often overworked and obliged to force himself to the utmost to get the last ounce of his strength brought into action in an emergency, and the peg of whisky is the surest means. The needs of his work often cut him off from freely mixing with his fellows as other members of the community do.

"All these features of a general practitioner's life may explain, if they do not excuse, the unsatisfactory predominance of this cause of mortality. Probably under the heading of alcohol one ought to refer *to addiction to drugs, which again is perhaps a failing of the profession*, but there are no statistics under this heading, therefore one has no exact data."

If there are no exact official data, these extracts before me make a good substitute and a distressing confirmation of what Sir Ernest Graham-Little has said.

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BEHIND nearly all these cases, reported in the dry language of the courts, there is the simple human tragedy of which he spoke.

Here is a young Kentish doctor on whom an inquest was held a few weeks ago. He died from an overdose of drugs. "He was highly strung," they told the coroner, "and for a long time he had been very overworked. There had been a lot of sickness in the neighbourhood and he had not spared himself."

Of another doctor, a few weeks earlier found unconscious in his consulting-room with an empty hypodermic syringe beside him: "It was some time since his relatives and friends had heard from him. He had often put off visits to them at the last moment owing to pressure of work. He had much to do and was in some financial trouble, due to his practice, of which he had not spoken."

And of yet another: "He had been wounded severely during the war and carried on a large and poor practice sometimes under great suffering. It was known that he had been using drugs rather freely. Recently he had been working very heavily because of the influenza epidemic."

Over most of these victims the coroner pronounced his epitaph, "Death by misadventure through taking an overdose of a drug."

"Misadventure," you will notice. The coroner's jury always gives the doctor the benefit of knowing what he is doing. But if it is to *himself*—too often he does not know. "Don't do as I do, do as I tell you," has long been a standing joke against the profession. But there is tragedy in it, too.

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DRUG inquests and court cases such as these are facts for the governing bodies of our profession to ponder over. The main causes—overwork, social and financial strain—they have it in their power to remove.

The plain truth is that the profession is badly organised. Doctors are ill-distributed. Those than *can*, flock to the places where there is the most money. That is quite natural, but it leaves the poorer areas understaffed with doctors.

Medical services should be apportioned out according to needs of *all* the population of whatever class. Then we would hear less of these tragedies—of doctors who are driven to their drug cupboards by the nerve-shattering cares of work which they had embarked upon as a happy and honourable calling.

# The HOUSE that

IF there had only been a court of justice in this country where the victims of the jerry-builder could have gone to seek redress for the ruin and misery that they have suffered at his hands, the nation would long ago have been stirred to stamp out this menace to the welfare of the community.

But there is no such court. Jerry's victims have had to grin and bear it in comparative silence until now, when, in the pages of JOHN BULL, they have an opportunity of making public their sad plight.

Since we began to expose the jerry-builder hundreds of letters have poured into this office from people who have bought new houses and found that in a year or two—or even a month or two—they have begun to fall about their ears.

We claim no better justification for our exposure than these pitiful letters, extracts from which we now present to our readers.

## Almost double

First, a letter from a reader in the Birmingham district who bought a council house (houses built under the local authority are assumed to be more closely supervised during construction than those built purely by private enterprise). The price he paid was £448 leasehold, but, he writes: "It will be £900, not counting repairs, before we are done.

"Three months after we came in the dining-room grate fell out, banister-rails came out, bringing the bricks away with them. Not one window opened properly, doors and dresser drawers would not close. Some time after, the front room floor fell in and cracks developed in ceiling and walls.

"Dry rot and damp are everywhere. All my linos I have had to throw away as they have gone rotten. Skirting-boards can be pulled away from the walls as easy as tearing paper. All this we have to pay for and most of the people on this estate are in like case. Some houses are already being rebuilt and have to be shored up while this is being done."

Two old people who live near Warrington invested their life's savings a year ago in a new house, paying nearly three-quarters of the price cash down. This is their experience:

"We had only been in a month and while sitting having breakfast the landing ceiling collapsed like thunder. In rapid succession the back bedroom ceiling collapsed, then the boxroom and bathroom ceilings."

Those ceilings are still down because argument has been proceeding for months past between the surveyor, the builder and the building society as to what work is to be done and who is to pay for it.

## No concrete

From Liverpool comes another example of the jerry-builder's idea of value for money. This reader's house cost £1,200, sufficient money one would suppose to ensure decent workmanship and good materials, yet . . . "After we had been in eighteen months the kitchen floor gave way and I had to have a new one put in and new joists.

"While the workmen were on this job I thought I would investigate the foundations To my horror I found that my fine big mansion was built on soil and cinders! There was absolutely no concrete whatsoever. Weeds were growing up the walls beneath the floor-boards.

"I have discovered that the fireplaces are simply nailed into the walls. Most of the walls are split and ceilings cracked. All the houses here are semi-detached and each is propping the other up. Where was the surveyor when all this was passed." Where, indeed?

## Propped up

This reader's mention of one house propping the other up finds a graphic echo in the experience of another reader, who also lives in an expensive house—in Middlesex this time. He recounts his adventures in his new house with a certain amount of grim humour.

He noticed cracks in the walls and ceilings shortly after moving in. These he filled in himself from time to time with amateur plaster work, but the cracks grew and widened alarmingly. So he called in a jobbing builder, who told him frankly that nothing in the way of filling-in the cracks would help much.

"The fact is," said the builder, "that your house is falling over. There is practically no concrete in the foundations and the clay subsoil on which the house rests is sinking. As the house settles so the cracks appear and grow.

"What makes it worse is that the house next door (the end house) is pulling yours over because you are attached to it."

"I could scarcely believe this," says our reader, "but the builder took me outside and showed me a steel ba. about five-eighths of an inch thick running between the two houses."

"Saw it through and see what happens," said the builder.

"And, without asking anybody's permission, we did. The cracks stopped widening immediately my house was divorced from the one next door.

"The sequel was a visit a few days ago from the neighbour, complaining that his house is definitely askew, that he had stopped trying to fill in cracks or trying to close doors and that he was waiting for the house to fall about his ears.

"He was surprised to learn that I had got rid of my troubles, but I was too timid to tell him how. He actually wondered whether my house was pushing his over!

"Obviously, the original builder was trusting to this iron bar to make up for his scamped foundations. I wonder how many more new houses there are which face wind and weather propped and held on to their neighbour's by a length of metal bar?"

## Despair

From the sunny South Coast, where recently there has been an orgy of good and bad building, comes a pile of letters. One reader from Brighton writes to us in despair. He thinks his "detached" house should really be called a "detachable" house.

"We were not in the place long before we discovered that we could take bricks out of the walls anywhere, just how we pleased Next, all shelves and other fitments came crashing away from the walls, the front door became a fixture and had to be burst open before I could leave the house to go to work. But much worse has since happened.

"The roof has given way and water has poured into the bedrooms. In the recent bad weather we laid awake listening to it dropping on to the bedroom ceiling. Rain is now seeping in galore on the ground floor and has covered hall and kitchen furniture with mildew

"My wife is shortly going to have another baby and I am naturally worried about all this dampness and misery."

## Floor collapse

From the same district comes another letter from a reader, who describes his house as an "aquarium." The roofing timber is infested with dry rot and joists have given way, letting in the rain The flooring is the same. "A few nights ago, while my little daughter was practising on the piano, there was a loud crack and a whole corner portion of the floor gave way. At the same time the side of the fireplace collapsed, bringing down the overmantel!"

And now here is an idea of home comforts as provided by a Cheshire builder. Three sisters out of work bought their house a few months ago for nearly £500. They were attracted to the district because of its healthy surroundings and the proximity of the estate to a main road would give them the opportunity of doing a little catering business with pass-

# TIPSTER *on* TOUR

A GLIB-TONGUED impostor, who professes to know all there is to be known about dog-racing, and goes about with a secret daily list of "certainties" tucked away in his pocket, is at present engaging the attention of Scotland Yard and the provincial police.

Although his dupes include all classes, shopkeepers, hotel proprietors and publicans, particularly, should be on their guard against him.

He walked into a suburban tradesman's shop the other day and ordered a variety of goods which he wanted delivered at once to the address he handed in.

Hinting that his custom would become a regular thing, he mentioned that he was greatly interested in "the dogs." Cleverly getting the shopkeeper into conversation, he gradually turned his attention to betting, and produced his list of "certainties."

* * *

The information about dogs which could not fail to win that night on certain tracks sounded so genuine in the way the swindler put it over, that the victim fell for the suggestion that he should have a "flutter," and handed over three pounds, which the customer agreed to invest for him.

The shopkeeper was soon amazed to find that the address to which he sent the goods was wrongly used, that the cheque with which the missing tipster had paid for them came back dishonoured. By that time his visitor had disappeared with his stake!

This bogus racing expert, who is badly "wanted" by the police, often uses the names of reputable officials of dog-racing companies when tricking his victims, of whom there are now a large number, and Scotland Yard detectives know him by several aliases.

* * *

To some of his victims, indeed, he has had the temerity to name certain greyhound racing stadiums as being "run" under his personal control, and, impudently passing himself off as one or another of the genuine directors, has obtained credit in their names.

To one victim he posed as a famous "greycing" trainer and, with false credentials, ordered goods which he wanted sent round to the stadium at once. As usual, he managed to secure a few pounds with which to back one of his "certainties," and his dupe was similarly left to discover that his genial visitor was a hoaxer who has performed the same sort of trick repeatedly.

Often, too, the genuine people he exploits in this way find themselves landed with goods which they have not ordered, and are put to endless trouble in dealing with enquiries from tradesmen and the police about this rogue whose operations need speedy curtailment.

# JERRY BUILT

## —And what *Happened*

"A corner of the floor gave way and the fireplace collapsed, bringing down the overmantel"

by

## The VICTIMS

ing motorists and others and so help them to eke out a living.

After describing structural defects they get down to their worst grievance—a special grate, the merits of which induced them to buy the house.

### *Will not work*

"Since we have been in the house we have never been able to use the grate, for the simple reason that it will not work. We cannot get warm.

If we stoke and stoke with wood we can manage to boil a kettle in 2 hours and 20 minutes (timed). For cooking and warmth we must crouch round a tiny grate in the sitting-room.

"After many complaints and one ineffectual attempt by the builder to remedy the conditions, we were informed by him that as we are now houseowners (in twenty-two years if we stay) we must do it ourselves in the future. And so here we are. We thought before we came that this would be an opening—which it is if we could get things done—but we have no money to pay for the repairs. We borrowed to come here and take this house, never dreaming but that we could pay back, live and make a little profit out of the business when summer came. Instead, what . . .?"

From a Lancashire town comes this story: "I bought this house in 1930, price over £600. I later discovered that the builder knew about as much about building as I do. I had not been in the house a month before I discovered that none of the fireplaces worked properly—there was no draught through and we were continually smoked out. Fireplaces were taken down three times and chimney-pots renewed, but the position remains the same.

"Next, within twelve months, we had to have the sanitary people here to discover the source of a horrible smell, and it was found that the whole of the foundations were flooded with sewage owing to a faulty main drainage installation.

"Next, the hall had to be refloored owing to rot in the timbers. This same fault was found in every house in our row and was traced to the fact that ventilation of any kind was totally non-existent.

"With regard to other amenities. Road charges were included in the advertised price of each house, and not as an extra; so that the builder has already received from the building societies or the direct purchasers of the houses the money to cover road charges *—yet not a single road is made on the entire estate."*

On the subject of roads, here is an extract from a complaint from a reader: "One side of our fine new house is continually wet, however long we have fires on.

"Our bottom road is quite unmade, though building has gone on for over two years. The result is that we all have to wade ankle deep in mud, and lorries and other vehicles are always being bogged. *Only last week the coalman making his rounds late in the afternoon was bogged almost axle deep in our road and had to stay there all night!* He was ill in consequence.

"It is only lately that we have had light in the street, and because of all these matters the tenant-owners are perpetually 'leaving.' We would welcome any kind of council house after living as 'owners' in such a quagmire."

But the treatment handed out by jerry-builders to decent, thrifty people, the pathos of the situation into which they have been driven surely reaches its limit in another letter from the London area. We will quote it as it stands:

"Dear Sir,—I am no hand at writing . . . if you can use this in your own words . . . it is the truth. . .

### *"Fresh" air*

"Four years ago we were living in apartments in this district. We have a little girl and there was little freedom for us and no fun for her living in these streets. So my husband and I decided to buy a new house out in the country near here.

"At last we found one and saved up for months to find the deposit money. It was semi-detached and very nice to look at when completed. It was built at the side of a ditch, but, of course, the ditch was well drained—so the builder said. But when we had been there a little while the stench was very bad, which was not very nice considering we were living in what we thought was lovely fresh air.

"After my husband had taken six weeks of hard work to dig up tree stumps left in the plot I made a garden which looked very nice after a while. But after a while doors would not shut. Cracks grew all over the house and through one wall there was a hole through which the wind whistled.

"Then the back steps sunk and we had to pay for a builder to patch up the back wall of the house. Friends said the house was sinking, so we called in another builder. He said the house was giving way and was dangerous, and we had better tell the local surveyor.

"This gentleman looked at it, but did not say much except that he would call again. He never did. Of course, it meant a lot of money to have the side wall rebuilt if it should give way, so we got out very quickly. We lost our bit of money that was worked hard for. And now here we are back again in the part of London where we were four years ago."

That reader may be "no hand at writing." JOHN BULL has used her words. Her letter speaks for itself.

Often in these letters we find that financial "wangling" is added to general shoddy work. A Surrey reader was trying to find a house to rent. A builder offered them a new house, the inducement being that there was no deposit to pay. They took it eagerly, but . . .

"Soon after moving in we found the kitchen wall down, water coming into bedrooms and into the hall. Fences are down and structural cement work cracked and broken away. The builder has vanished and now we have £30 repairs to pay, as well as £40 road charges about which the builder had made no mention when we took the house."

Finally, here is a letter from a midwife who practises in a Lancashire town. It scales the limit in horror.

Slum clearance is in the air there. And this woman gives details of the conditions under which her patients are living in these new slums, the conditions under which she carries out her work.

### *Pest-ridden*

The houses are already ridden with pests and vermin, due to the porous, rickety walls. In one of these houses the other day a woman was having a baby. "I was attending her," says our reader, "when two enormous beetles walked up the wall. My patient was terrified lest they fell on the bed. I had to stop my work and kill them with my shoe. . . ."

We would like the members of the Government who are interested in housing to see these letters.

Above all, we would like the Minister of Health to see them—Sir Hilton Young—who a few weeks ago told a deputation from the T.U.C. that he did not think there was "any case for legislation to protect house buyers against exploitation and shoddy work in construction."

Perhaps our readers' harrowing experiences might cause him to think again?

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Hannen Swaffer's

## Open Letter to

# The Minister of Labour

DEAR OLIVER STANLEY,—So they are praising you now for withdrawing something that they praised you for when you supported it!

I do not want to seem critical. Political opponents of yours, Labour men, tell me that you are the most human member of the Government. They say of you that, if you had not been born the son of a great Tory ground landlord, you might even have been a Socialist. It is certainly to your credit that, after hearing the innumerable complaints made about the iniquities of the new Means Test and its attack on family life, you went to the North of England, enquired for yourself, and then, next day, made, on behalf of the Government, a complete surrender to all your critics.

For this, the House applauded you. William Banfield, a Labour member, went so far as to say that what you had done was "not a sign of weakness, but a sign of greatness." I am afraid those words of congratulation were expressed in a moment of profound relief that the cruel system introduced by the new Public Assistance Board was to be revised. For even now there is no guarantee that justice will be done.

☆ ☆ ☆

You have to remember—yes, and the country must realise this—that you and your Government were warned what would happen when the Bill which made these new cruelties possible was before the House.

The Tories boasted that the new regulations would open up a new era for the working classes, take away the taint of the Poor Law, give them higher allowances, and deal with them in a juster and more humane fashion.

Labour people replied that millions of poor people were being handed over to a ruthless machine, that the unemployed would no longer be regarded as human beings, but as "cases," pieces of paper, items on circulars.

You cannot say you were not warned. While it is true that you gave in, immediately you realised the grave blunder that had been made, it is also true that what happened had all been prophesied.

Even now your cave-in is thought by Diehards to be "a humiliating surrender." Tory M.P.s with safe seats still take the view that the Unemployment Assistance Board should be an independent body above politics. Yet the country has decided that this should not be so. Your defeat by public opinion is, to my mind, the most complete justification of democratic government in all my lifetime.

Under Hitler or Mussolini or Mosley there would have been no public protest. Even had there been, it would have been ignored.

Besides, you must remember that it is not much more than three years ago that you and your Government came into power for the distinct and self-avowed purpose of "saving money." That meant cutting down wages, cutting down "doles," cutting down social services. Because of a scare election, your Government was returned to power with the greatest majority ever known in the history of Parliament. And yet it crumpled up, just like a paper house, when a storm of national indignation rose and blew upon it.

Never in the history of British government has there been such a surrender.

The truth is that over 200 Tory M.P.s were afraid of losing their seats. And the most cynical thing that happened, on the night of your surrender, was that, directly the Means Test debate was over and you had been congratulated, the House of Commons handed out a dole of another £1,500,000 to the Sugar Beet Industry which, since the subsidy started, has been given no less than £47,000,000 from the imperial exchequer! And the measly cuts at the expense of the unemployed would have saved, it is estimated, a mere paltry £5,000,000 a year!

☆ ☆ ☆

I implore you, now that you have given in, to change the whole system by which public assistance is administered. Consult local people. Take the advice of folk who, in the different towns, understand different conditions.

Make each case a separate case. Treat a family as a family. Treat a workless man as a man, not as a number. You can do it. You have the courage. You have the capacity. You have the human feelings. And you have the sincerity.

But do try and understand, as Minister of Labour, that public assistance generally is not merely a thing that affects unemployed men and their families. It is to-day a part of the social fabric. Small tradesmen depend on it for most of their takings. Thousands of landlords live on it, because rent is the first charge. Without it, whole industries would collapse, whole towns be bankrupt.

You are a young man, comparatively. You should be able to visualise the world as it must be if it is to be saved. The principle of "Work or maintenance" is now admitted. It is part of our legislation. It is woven into our constitution. But there must be no meanness of any kind about the way that principle becomes a practice.

☆ ☆ ☆

Your surrender has saved the Government. But, even after it had happened, 10,000 workless men and women stormed the Sheffield Town Hall. They demanded the end of the Unemployment Assistance Board, more surrender, even greater capitulation.

I am not concerned with the details of how relief is given. I do not care if it is administered by a board or by local authorities. But this I do know—that there is great wealth in the country and there is great poverty, and that the wealth must be used to end the poverty.

That is the issue before the country. The agitation is not over. I doubt if it has started. We need a revolution, not a rising by hotheads, but a revolution in the minds of men. And we want a general understanding that there is enough for all and that all must have it.

You are a young Conservative, not one of the old fossils. You have, if people judge you rightly, a splendid life of public service awaiting you.

"On, Stanley, on!" They were the last words of Marmion. They should be your first words every morning. There is nothing to stop you, except walls that are crumbling, prejudices that belong to the Stone Age, power which, after all, is only a paper army.

On every occasion when the people of England have challenged Might and Pomp and Majesty and Prejudice they have won. Last week, again, they won.

"On, Stanley, on!" Don't let it be "Back, Stanley, back!"

# "On, Stanley, On!"

# CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

**SIR THOMAS INSKIP,**
*Attorney-General*

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—What a dreadful confession you've had to make!

The haste with which the Sedition Act was rushed through Parliament led nervous people to think you must be bursting with secret information of traitorous plots. But months have passed and you have sadly admitted that not one traitor has been captured or even a search warrant issued.

Yes, the bogy you conjured up was batched in a mare's-nest.

JOHN BULL.

**Most Rev. WILLIAM TEMPLE,**
*Archbishop of York*

YOUR GRACE,—You always think that "Amen" at the end of a hymn is rather a bore. So do most people, but few have the courage to admit it.

Like many other formalities, it is almost meaningless, is always ugly and —in your words—"an evil habit."

Let us scrap it! JOHN BULL.

**Mr. WILLIAM FRAME,**
*Leicester City F.C.*

DEAR FRAME,—Leicester City is at the bottom of the First Division, fighting against relegation. Yet when the club's blind masseur needed blood to save his life the players at once volunteered to give it, you being selected by the doctors.

That was well done. Even if the club goes down because of its sacrifice, life is more valuable than position.

JOHN BULL.

**COUNTY CRICKET COMMITTEE,**
*Lord's, London, N.W.*

GENTLEMEN,—You have arranged a meeting at the end of this month to discuss the position arising from the Notts body-line dispute, but I advise you to talk about something else.

For the Notts Club has decided to abide by M.C.C. rules in letter and spirit, and the responsibility for seeing that they are carried out will rightly rest with the umpires.

So, the quarrel having ended, say no more about it. JOHN BULL.

**Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN GILMOUR,**
*Home Secretary*

DEAR SIR JOHN,—You have told the House that nothing can be done to prevent credulous people parting with their money in quest of such non-existent fortunes as the "Fazackerley Millions."

But if they read this journal they would know that Chancery has not a single big fortune awaiting an unknown claimant—and the smart-fingered gentry would be deservedly poorer.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. H. S. BLOOMER,**
*Grimsby Solicitor*

DEAR SIR,—It was contempt of court for you not to rise to address the Bench. But you didn't because you couldn't. You were stuck to the new paint.

So you were admirably tactful in congratulating the court on its smart decorations before appealing for aid.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. RONALD POWELL,**
*Metropolitan Police Magistrate*

DEAR SIR,—That you refuse to apply one law to the rich and another to the poor is shown by the week's remand you imposed on a man named Vincent John Bell, of Bayswater, who had obtained money by a dud cheque.

It was the only way you could punish him when you found he had a wealthy mother who was willing to pay the amount of the cheque and any fine.

No, money shouldn't be allowed to buy a man out of his deserts!

JOHN BULL.

**Alderman P. M. ROBINSON,**
*Chesterfield*

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Though trying to prevent Sunday tennis in parks, you are not opposed to Sunday golf because it is played on "what is really a private place."

So there's no harm in sinning secretly —it's the publicity that makes it wicked!

I am glad the council is treating your paltry quibbling with the contempt it deserves.

JOHN BULL.

**LESLIE ARTHUR CROSSLEY,**
*Kensington, London, S.W.*

ROGUE,—Swindling two out-of-work men of 12s. by a false story about an inheritance of money, an hotel and a house was as mean a trick as you could perpetrate. Yet the Nottingham Bench let you off with a fine of £1.

I hope you won't regard that as an encouragement. JOHN BULL.

**Miss PEARL ARGYLE,**
*London*

DEAR PEARL,—Chief dancer in London's latest ballet season, you refuse to call yourself an "insky" or an "ovsky," though the experts say a Russian name is essential for success.

I disagree with them. A few more courageous people like yourself could soon convince the world that artistic merit can be British made.

Stick to your present name until your wedding day! JOHN BULL.

**Rev. C. J. SHEBBEARE,**
*Rector of Stanhope, Durham*

REVEREND SIR,—Master of a beagles hunt, you think that university students who are likely to become clergymen should hunt in order to gain useful experience. But in what way is the hunting of animals comparable with the hunting of souls?

Enjoy the chase if you like, but don't expect divinity students to regard it as a religious exercise. JOHN BULL.

**Col. Sir LAMBERT WARD,**
*Lord of the Treasury*

DEAR SIR LAMBERT,—Questioned about a firm which for many years has owed half a million pounds in taxation, you answered that the delay in reaching a settlement was not the fault of the Inland Revenue.

Have you the same explanation to offer for the many other cases in which, year after year, enormous debts to the State have been passed over, while the little taxpayer is squeezed to the last farthing?

JOHN BULL.

**Dr. FRANCIS UNDERHILL,**
*Dean of Rochester*

DEAR DEAN,—I don't doubt that people in Rochester would be "unspeakably proud" if Charles Dickens' remains were moved from Westminster Abbey to that town. But the rest of the kingdom wouldn't be pleased, for Dickens belonged not to Kent alone.

Besides, let the illustrious dead rest in peace. JOHN BULL.

# "Younger girls earned more than I did"

## UNTIL *I remembered my mother's tip* —

"Ever since I left school, I've had to earn my living," writes Miss S., of Hampstead. "Last November, I was told that I might get promotion to a better job. I was so glad.

### UNFAIRLY TREATED

"Then, what with the cold weather and having to do my own housework as well, I got tired out and run-down. I started to make one or two mistakes in my job. Of course, the manager heard about it. Then, just when I was most tired, I learnt that he was promoting a younger girl — without even telling me.

"It hurt my pride terribly. I felt I'd been unfairly treated.

### "I WENT TO THE MANAGER . . ."

"I went to the manager about it. 'I'm sorry,' he said. 'But we needed somebody with more push and go for the job.' That night I cried at home.

"Then I remembered that at sixteen years of age I was very anæmic, and my mother gave me some Hall's Wine. So I bought a bottle. Taking two or three wineglassfuls every day, I soon had all my old strength and keenness back again.

"Later on the manager sent for me and praised my work. He said the job had not been filled after all, and would I like it? Of course, I jumped at it."

### QUICK AND LASTING BENEFIT

Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic gives you. Hundreds of letters (open for inspection) from nurses who were tired or run-down prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co., Ltd., Bow, London, E.3.

**Quick, new strength after illness**

After Illness — especially after Influenza, Nerve Troubles, Bronchitis, Operations or Confinements — doctors and nurses recommend Hall's Wine for quick, safe convalescence.

*What a happier time this girl has—*

...YOUR CHANGE, MADAM .. YES MADAM THESE OVERALLS ARE GUARANTEED FAST COLOURS. SMALL WOMEN'S? CERTAINLY...
SALE
YOU'VE DONE SPLENDIDLY, MISS JONES. SELLING THAT BIG LOT OF OVERALLS
SALE
YOU POOR DARLING—IT'S ALMOST 7.30 YOU MUST BE FAGGED
SILLY! I NEVER GET TIRED-OUT ANY MORE NOW! TAKE HALL'S WINE COME ON—I'M DYING FOR A DANCE

**HALL'S WINE** STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN-DOWN

# "Wembley Lions" THE WORLD-FAMOUS ICE HOCKEY TEAM get energy from Bread

THE EMPIRE POOL & SPORTS ARENA.

*The Empire Stadium, Wembley.*

*Dear Sirs,*

*As a trainer anxious to bring my team to the highest point of physical efficiency, I have always taken a great interest in diet.*

*My experience goes to prove that no food is so rapidly assimilated and converted into energy as bread. I find that players not only like it, but are visibly the better for it, and I am convinced that an increased bread ration during training produces more alertness, more drive and more staying power than a generous allowance of any other food.*

*I am glad to be able to say that this opinion of bread as a source of energy and vitality acquires additional confirmation as season follows season. Need I add that the keen appetite produced by hard play is best satisfied by an abundance of bread.*

*Yours faithfully,*

*Ted Haseland*

Trainer, Wembley Lions' Ice Hockey Team.

**Ice hockey is the fastest and most exacting game in the world. To build and maintain *your* energy you should follow the example of *this* trainer and his famous team.**

*They Eat*

# BREAD

## FOR ENERGY AND VITALITY

C.F.H.39

By A. G. GARDINER

# BALDWIN OR *Churchill?*

*"Mr. Churchill himself may go . . .*

*"It will be Mr. Baldwin that will win" . . .*

MR. CHURCHILL has won the first round in his attempt to knock-out Mr. Baldwin. That is the significance of Wavertree. And by Mr. Churchill, of urse, I mean Churchill *père*, not hurchill *fils*.

That enterprising youth has in full easure the qualities of audacity and pudence which made his grandfather, andolph, a dazzling failure and makes s father still one of the foremost ures on the political stage.

Whether Master Randolph is anying more than a superlatively heeky" boy who, like his grandfather, ill never grow up, or whether he has e spark of genius that has given his ther so much success in many fields r a generation we do not know.

Nor, at the moment, does it matter. e is merely the weapon with which Pop" has delivered his first blow in his mpaign against Mr. Baldwin for the adership of the Conservative Party.

## *Friendless*

The issue of this campaign is of omentary importance. The political orld is in the melting pot. The ational Government is visibly "groggy" its feet Its successes, which are conderable, are discounted; its failures, hich are considerable also, are magnied. It is assailed from within and ithout, and it is almost without a iend in the popular Press. Half the iberals have come out of it, its Labour ontingent are phantoms who have ased to represent any electoral force the country, and the Conservative arty, which is its backbone, is disuntled, rebellious and unhappy.

Meanwhile the appeal to the country cannot be long delayed. It must come not later than next spring. More probably it will come this autumn, when the India Bill, which is the last big task the Government has in hand, will be through.

It is at this critical moment that Mr. Churchill openly raises rebellion in the Conservative Party. He has been ripening for it a long time—ever since he suffered the humiliation of being left out of the National Government. That was an insult that no one of the Churchill blood could brook.

## *His chance*

Whether Mr. Baldwin was chiefly responsible for the humiliation I do not know.

More probably it was the result of the general feeling that Mr. Churchill would be a worse handful inside the Government than outside. In any case, it was an unforgivable affront, and Mr. Churchill has been nursing his wrath to keep it warm ever since.

His opportunity has come with the India Bill. I do not think I do Mr. Churchill an injustice in saying that if he had been inside the Government he would not have found the Indian scheme difficult to swallow. He swallowed Irish Home Rule quite cheerfully after fighting it with Black-and-Tans, and the mild Indian measure would not have imposed so severe a strain upon his digestive organs as that had done.

The difference is that he was then in office, and now he is out of office, burning with eagerness to wipe out an insult and square his account with those who have inflicted it. And the India Bill provides him with the occasion. It is the most courageous and most disinterested thing the Government has done. It is not a scheme that has electoral value—quite the opposite. Nearly a third of the Conservative Party is openly hostile, and another third is secretly disquieted and only supports the Government out of loyalty to its leaders, and especially to Mr. Baldwin, who with great public spirit has nailed his colours to the mast and sinks or swims with them.

And Mr. Churchill is determined to sink him, though he has to smash the Conservative Party in doing so. He has declared war on the Bill, and has hoisted the rebel flag against the Conservative leaders, with what result we have seen at Wavertree.

Now it is obvious that he cannot defeat the Bill. There is a solid majority committed to its support in the House of Commons, and even in the House of Lords and its passage into law this summer is as certain as anything in politics can be.

But if he cannot kill the Bill he may still kill Mr. Baldwin's leadership and cock the goose of the National Government at the coming election. And that would serve to wipe out the stain of the humiliation.

## *Lone leader*

But as a rebel leader he has one serious defect. He has no following in the country and never had. He has all the gifts except the gift of winning the confidence of anybody. Even the Conservatives who follow him on India would not trust him, politically, round the corner. He has always, like Hal o' th' Wynd, "fought for his own hand" and been faithful only to the Party assembled under his own hat.

In declaring war on the Government and Mr. Baldwin he has to reckon with the Conservative caucus. In spite of India the caucus will be solid against the man who has set up a rival standard and aims at splitting the Party or smashing it on a question of policy or personal ambition. I cannot doubt that the caucus will accept Mr. Churchill's challenge and fight him and his handful of followers wherever they appear.

Mr. Churchill himself may go. He is personally unpopular among the Conservatives of the Epping Division, and the caucus would be more than human if, after Wavertree, it did not take care that whoever wins at Epping, it shall not be the rebel who has set out to wreck the Party.

He has one asset. The Rothermere and Beaverbrook Press is the deadly foe of Mr. Baldwin. He has committed the unforgivable sin of ignoring the potentates of Fleet Street, and their sword will never sleep in their hand until they have got Mr. Baldwin in his political grave. And inasmuch as their newspapers are the only nominally Conservative organs in the popular Press their enmity is powerful.

All the same, it will be Mr. Baldwin and the caucus that will win. When the India Bill is through the rebellion will peter out, and the fear of Labour will bring the waverers back to the Party standard in time for the battle at the polling booths.

## *Ill effect*

Mr. Churchill has seemed politically dead so often, only to turn up brazenly in a new hat, so to speak, that it is hazardous to prophesy that even this last gamble will be the political end of him. It would certainly be the end of anybody less endowed with the lives of a cat, and even in his case it is even money that he will not be in the next Parliament. Perhaps then he would join with Sir Oswald Mosley, whom, also, no constituency will have, in a sort of Double-Headed Dictatorship.

But whatever his fate, his rebellion cannot fail to have a baleful effect on the prospects of the National Government, already more than a little gloomy. The Conservative Party is the central arch of that structure, and the shaking that arch has received may well bring the structure down. Much depends on whether terms can be made with Mr. Lloyd George.

It would be one of the major ironies of the political drama if Mr. Lloyd George were called in to defend Mr. Baldwin's tottering fortress from the hammer strokes of his old comrade-in-arms, Mr. Churchill. But queer things happen in politics. Old friends fall out and old enemies fall on each other's necks.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

# Beauty and the Bus

WHEN Evangeline or Kitty
Does her journey to the City
Day by day
On the trains or trams or buses,
ith her face she freely fusses
On the way.

fter thinning out her eyebrows,
e annoys æsthetic highbrows
When she slips
om her bag a tube of metal,
produce a ruddy petal
On her lips!

hile dull frowns grow even duller,
her cheeks she puts some colour;
With a puff
e completes these bedroom capers,
hile stern males shake out their papers
In a huff!

hen a man is on the bus he's
the mercy of these hussies!
No restraint
they exercise; e'en scorning
display the simple warning:
"Mind the paint!"

It is because of the habits of Kitty and sisters (not to mention her country usins and middle-aged aunts) that uncillor H. O. King, of Oxford, has proposed that the Council should build a new bus station with dressing-rooms where women could complete their toilet in private.

"You can't get into a bus," complains Mr. King, "without a woman sitting near you pulling out her tackle and painting her lips red, her face white, and combing her hair all over you. It's dreadful."

It is indeed; as many a male has discovered when he has glanced down from his newspaper to find that his overcoat is looking as if he had lately emerged from an antarctic blizzard.

But only a resident of Oxford, home of lost causes, would be optimist enough to imagine that he could forbid the public use of powder puffs, which are now produced much as a man produces yet another cigarette—from mere nervous habit and desire for an occupation.

Of course men might retaliate by invading public vehicles with their shaving tackle and going, so to speak, hell for "lather" all the way from Surbiton to the City. But it is doubtful if a few stray soapsuds would cure the inveterate wielder of a powder puff.

Personally, I cannot believe that even the most unsatisfactory face needs as much repairing as the average feminine face receives. And when the repairs are effected the result too often suggests a once-pleasing façade that has been "restored" by an incompetent jerry-builder.

Indeed, my own complaint is not that buses are used as beauty parlours, but that they are turned into art galleries in which one is compelled to gaze at badly executed examples of exterior decoration.

I love not Nature in the raw,
And so I don't oppose
Art's aid to give a crimson hue
To lips which Nature's tinted blue,
Or cure a shiny nose.

But when in Tube or bus I ride
I gaze with saddened orbs
At eyebrows badly out of line,
Strange mouths of Futurist design,
And cheeks which are mere daubs!

Detesting post-impressionists,
A crusade I would start
'Gainst facescapes thus exposed to view
By too-ambitious artists who
Have never learned their art!

JOHN BULL.

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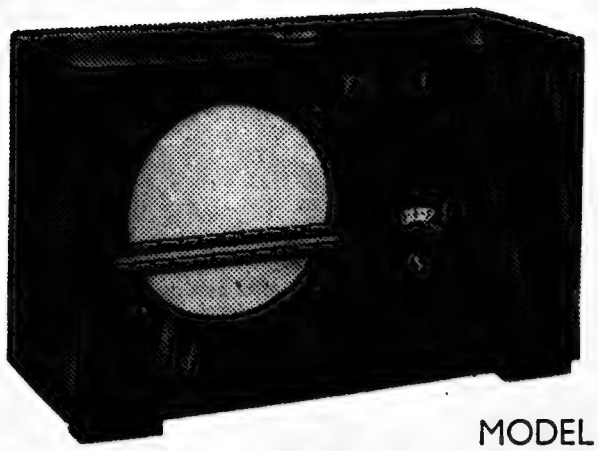

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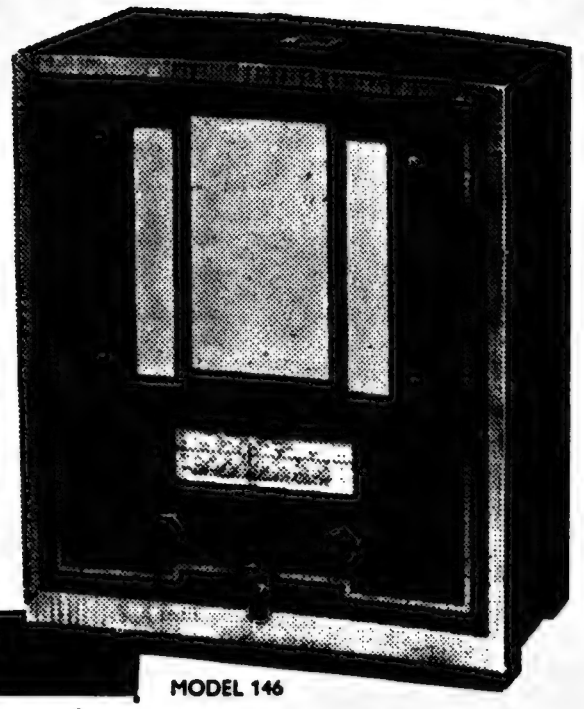

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IT'S 'FRUIT AND NUT'—IT'S FOOD AND ENERGY!

*Some of the Caister men outside their watch-house, "which has borne its part in saving hundreds of lives"*

# Famous Lifeboatmen's "NOTICE to QUIT"

## Lord of the Manor's Drastic Action

ONE of the most famous lifeboat stations in Britain is facing a crisis, following the posting of a formal official notice to quit. The cold, legal phraseology of this document, which we here quote, gives no indication of the tragedy involved—a tragedy that should arouse sympathy throughout the land.

"TO THE CAISTER COMPANY OF BEACHMEN,
CAISTER-ON-SEA, NORFOLK.

"Take notice that I, Anthony Francis Traynier, of 'Durden,' Downing Road, Gorleston, in the County Borough of Great Yarmouth, Lord of the Manors of Caister Pastons and Caister Bardolfes, hereby give you NOTICE TO QUIT and deliver up possession of the look-out and shed now occupied by the Company and situate on the beach at Caister-on-Sea aforesaid, owned by me."

What this means in plain language is that when that notice expires on the last day of March the Look-out Station on Caister foreshore will be dismantled. The Caister Company of Beachmen will lose their home.

No longer will it be possible at this spot to maintain a day and night life-saving watch in times of storm and tempest.

The peril to all those who pass "upon their lawful occasions" through the deadly sandbanks and shallows of that part of the English coast will no longer be safeguarded from this wonderful vantage point.

Right at this point we make a direct appeal to Mr. Traynier, the Lord of the Manor, to revoke his decision. He is, of course, quite entitled to do as he desires with his own property.

### Century old

But there are other considerations. In the public interest Mr. Traynier should allow the Caister lifeboat men to remain in undisputed possession of their watch-house.

In considering the circumstances of this case, it is necessary to give an account of the Caister Company of Beachmen. This unique little community of Norfolk seafarers was established more than a century ago to carry on the rescue of shipwrecked sailors and the salvage of vessels in distress.

It was a company founded on the qualifications of Caister birth, courage, good fellowship, and a knowledge of the coast.

Membership was limited to forty men, and to this day the Caister Company does not exceed that number. The privilege of membership is highly prized, and handed down from father to son.

Sometime about 1840—the exact date is obscure and unrecorded—the then Lord of the Manor of Caister gave to the Company the right to build a watch-tower at a point on Caister beach from which the best observation could be kept on the north entry to Yarmouth Roads; the channel of much inshore sea traffic.

This tower was erected by the members of the Company themselves, giving their free labour. It is a brick-constructed, two-storied building with a gallery around the first floor, and one large main room, with outlook posts across the sea.

### Constant watch

From that time until the present the Caister Company of Beachmen have used that station, day in and day out. Always when the weather threatens a watch is maintained; turn and turn about; one beachman for ever on duty to give warning if any ship at sea is in difficulties and needs assistance.

Unfortunately no agreement was signed between the Lord of the Manor and the Company in relation to the watch-house.

At least, if there was some original document, none now is in existence defining the rights of the beachmen and the conditions under which they occupy the place.

There was, however, an understanding that the Lord of the Manor should be paid, as a kind of rent for the house, a stated share—1/41st part—of all salvage earned by the company.

Years ago that salvage contribution to the Lord of the Manor was considerable. In some seasons it would amount to £70, and there was one occasion when the Manor's proportion of a single salvage was £40.

Of recent years, however, the regular salvage, owing to the changed conditions of shipping, has fallen off considerably.

The most interesting part of the history of the Caister Company of Beachmen and their look-out post began when the Royal National Lifeboat Institution established a station at Caister in 1857.

### Treasured relics

Since then the splendid work of the Caister lifeboat men has become famous.

Volumes could be written about their heroism and the wonderful rescue work they have performed. Many epic memories are enshrined within their historic headquarters, which are so inseparably linked with Britain's highest traditions of the sea.

The crew of the Caister lifeboat is drawn from the Company of Beachmen, and the look-out post is the meeting place and centre for the crews.

Outside the little watch-house, swung on an oaken beam, is the bell—presented to Caister in 1883—which is used to sound the tocsin, calling the lifeboat crew to rescue duty.

Inside the watch-room are the treasured photographs and relics of every one of the past Caister lifeboats, and in an honoured place by the door, the portrait of Mr. John Clowes, the Lord of the Manor who allowed the Caister beachmen to erect their house.

From the watch-house innumerable wrecks have been sighted and, by reason of the first, quick observation, very many lives saved.

Think of this wonderful record:—

No fewer than 1,711 souls have been saved from drowning by the Caister lifeboat, manned by the members of the Caister Company of Beachmen. This is the greatest number of persons rescued by any station around the coast of Great Britain.

Caister stands at the head of the roll of glorious, gallant service of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. Yet without the watch-house, and the regularly kept observation on the sea, that record would have been lessened by an extent that no one can estimate.

Even as recently as the second week of this year, the Caister lifeboat was launched at the call from the watch-house, and saved the lives of fourteen sailors of a Belgian trawler, aground and battered on the Scroby Sands.

In November of last year, too, the voluntary watchman was responsible for the rescue of the crew of the Scottish drifter *Viola*. The drifter piled up on a sandbank in a gale, and the crew took to their boat. The Caister lifeboat put to sea, found the deserted wreck, but could not locate the boat.

Meanwhile the watchman sighted through his telescope the boat struggling in a tremendous sea. A telephone call was sent to Gorleston, and explicit directions given to the Gorleston lifeboat, by which she was able to pick up the drifter's men.

Without the Caister watch-house those Scottish fishermen would have been drowned. There is no question of that.

"Caister men never turn back." That never-forgotten sentence was used and became memorable after the disaster on a night in November, 1901, when nine members of the Caister Company of Beachmen lost their lives in the overturning of the Caister lifeboat.

The boat pulled away in an overmastering gale in an attempt to reach a ship ashore on the Barber Sands. The lifeboat was engulfed in coming about to get alongside the wreck, and only three men from the crew of twelve were brought ashore by a chain of rescuers in the surf.

### An appeal

A question was raised at the inquest as to why the lifeboat did not return in face of such a storm. The answer was given, not pridefully, but in modest fashion: "Caister men never turn back."

No, but now Caister men are being turned out of their old watch-tower, which has borne its part in the saving of hundreds of lives.

After the war, the manorial rights of Caister were purchased from the family that then owned them by Mr. Anthony Francis Traynier, a successful business man.

Mr. Traynier desires to make his own use of the sand dune site on which the watch-house stands. So—as he is of course entitled to do—he has given notice to the Caister Company of Beachmen, who form the Caister lifeboat crew, to get out.

What the demolition of the watch-house will mean to the efficiency of the Caister lifeboat, the beachmen dare not forecast. It may be that a similar watch-house could be provided at an equally advantageous position. But this is not our point.

We appeal to Mr. Traynier to consider again what the old house has stood for—its wonder ninety-year record—reverse his decision and earn the gratitude of his fellow townsmen.


# Book of a Thousand Thrills

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JOHN BULL announces a gigantic Gift Presentation—"The Great Book of Thrillers"—a mighty one-volume collection of tales of mystery and adventure, crime and detection, and the supernatural.

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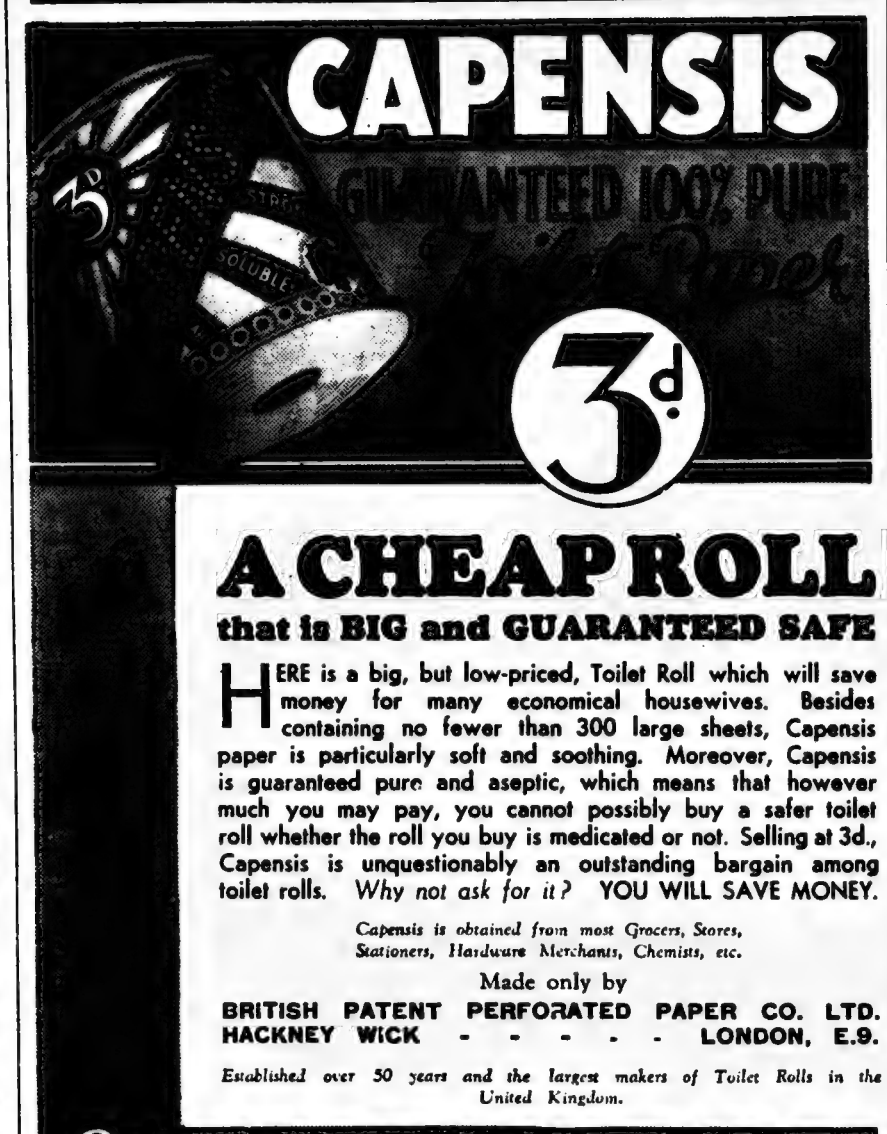
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**HOW TO STOP SMOKING.**—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

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**SUFFERERS** from hair trouble should not overlook the offer on page 41.

**FREE** samples of CUTICURA Soap, Ointment and Talcum are offered in the advt. on page 46. Simply enclose a 1d. stamp for postage and address Cuticura (Dept. 78HO), Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. Write for this to-day! Use the special coupon.

**THE** fame of Neave's Food — proved and tested for over a hundred years—has spread all over the world, and many present-day famous men owe their health and vigour to the wisdom of their parents in giving them Neave's Food. A free sample, and most useful booklet entitled "Hints About Baby, by a Trained Nurse," will be gladly sent to any mother mentioning *John Bull* on receipt of a postcard to Neave's Food, Ltd., Fordingbridge, Hampshire.

**FREE.**—Send a p.c. for a liberal free trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Lotion. There is nothing to equal this for a natural spotless complexion. It cleanses the skin and cures all skin troubles. —Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.23, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 39.

**PROTECT** your growing children against cough, cold, influenza and bronchitis germs by giving them SCOTT'S BRAND EMULSION. It builds up more germ-resisting power than ordinary malt and oil. See page 33.

**A GENEROUS** sample of Wincarnis will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull* and enclosing 4½d. stamps for postage, etc., to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 178, Wincarnis Works, Norwich. Wincarnis is a delicious wine, reinforced with energising vitamins, the nerve building and tonic properties of malt and beef extracts. You will feel the benefit with the very first glass.

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**AN** important announcement of interest to women appears on page 29.

**A WONDERFUL** free gift booklet is issued by Rowntree's, which illustrates the many valuable gifts given away in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa. Write at once to Dept. J.B., Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York, for your free copy. Many children's gifts appear in the booklet. See page 30.

**FREE** samples of two different Harlene Shampoos are offered free to readers in return for 3d. stamp for postage. See offer on page 45.

**FREE** to housewives and cooks. "The Ideal Home Recipe Book," offered by the makers of Lingford's Baking Powder.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Joseph Lingford & Sons, Dept. J.B., Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham. See p. 38.

**A FREE** safety can opener—the safest thing ever invented—is offered by the makers of Skippers. Simply send 8 loose Skippers wrapper tops with your name and address to Dept. I, Angus Watson & Co., Ltd., Southall, Middx., and get one of these safety can openers free.

**MOTHERS** sometimes forget that children need twice as much energy for their size as grown-ups. Horlick's, given regularly to children for supper and at mid-morning, has all the vital elements necessary for the growth of health. Children love it, too. The large size is best —add only water. See p. 27.

**DOES** your boy look as bright, happy and full of health as the one in the Shredded Wheat announcement on page 31? For healthy nourishment Shredded Wheat, which contains the sustenance of pure whole wheat in its finest form, will build up strength and stamina, and give him a zest and interest in life which springs from sheer high spirits and health.

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# Wicked RELIGION FOR Women

## Wiles of a Dark New Messiah

OF all the undesirable religious societies and practices of which JOHN BULL has had to give warning, none has more deserved denunciation than one called The Chosen Seed.

Because of the strange influence being exerted upon people who have, unhappily, become entangled in the affairs of this new cult, husbands and wives have been separated, homes wrecked, families sundered, and love and happiness turned into cold neglect and distress.

The leader of The Chosen Seed and the person responsible for these things is an individual named Charles Geard. He is more than 80 years of age, but his vigour and mental capacity are still those of a man twenty years younger.

No so-called religious leader in this age, whether fanatic or humbug, has ever made greater pretensions than this sauve old man who can so easily break the marriage union, persuade women to leave their homes to follow him, and turn children against their parents.

For Charles Geard exacts worship to himself as Shiloh, the Ruler indicated in the Genesis prophecy, whom some Biblical scholars accept as the Messiah.

His authority and omnipotence are derived from, and his teaching based on, the dying prophecy of Jacob to his sons:

*The sceptre shall not depart from Judah . . . until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.*

### Women taken

The people of The Chosen Seed are required to believe in the descent of the Royal House of Britain from Israel, and that when King George V passes from the throne the sceptre will depart, and Shiloh, in the person of Geard, will be caught up with his followers into heaven, whence he will rule all the world with a rod of iron.

By acceptance of his authority and of this belief, the followers of Geard, who also calls himself the Man Child of Revelation, are given to understand that they are of the elect.

They are, indeed, supposed to be so immune from worldly associations that they are made to regard it as wrongful that husbands and wives should continue in the marriage relationship.

It is when men assail Geard for inculcating this doctrine in their wives that he takes their women from them and passes them into one or other of three colonies of The Chosen Seed.

One is at Pilning, in Gloucestershire, and forms one of a row of houses tucked behind a sea-wall and overshadowed by the chimneys and surface plant of the great shaft by which the Severn railway tunnel is pumped clear of water. These are the houses of the engineers and labourers, and in one of them Geard directs the cultivation of The Chosen Seed.

### Prayers wailed

Periodically, parties of the believers assemble at and are lodged in the cottages at the pumping station. They arrive at appointed times when Geard has an idea that his elevation to heaven and supreme power is about due.

For days on end people in the district have become accustomed to hear Geard's flock wailing prayers without cessation or chanting and singing in exultant rapture at all hours of the day and night. They cannot be completely dismal services, however, because stocks of whisky, wine, vermouth and sherry are laid in before the start.

At all the gatherings of the elect, Geard asks each man and woman the question:

"Who say you I am?"

And the believers answer solemnly:

"Our Lovely God—Our Beloved and Precious Shiloh."

They also describe him in these terms in their correspondence.

Another establishment to which Geard summons his disciples and their families to pay him adoration is on a farm at Kentisbeare, near Cullompton, in Devonshire. When there he lives in a bungalow, but the tabernacle is a gutted railway coach in a field, around which marquees and bell-tents are erected for the accommodation of the believers.

At Kentisbeare, Geard has a lieutenant, known as Caleb, a Prince in Judah. Caleb's real name is Turner, and before joining Geard he had been a policeman in London and a furrier in Canada.

In London, Geard meets his believers at a house at Acton, which is known as "God's House." Some of its windows are boarded over so that the assembly room may be free from outside contaminations.

Geard had a most humble origin, but he is now a person of independent means. Some facts which JOHN BULL has learned are highly interesting.

### "Meets" ghosts

Born at Montacute, a hamlet in Somerset, he was first a stonemason's labourer, until he joined the Army and served with the Royal Engineers on St. Helena.

A Divine call came to him on returning to civil life to go abroad to hear a summons by which it could be made known to him that he was Shiloh. For this purpose he went first to Africa in the company of some women believers.

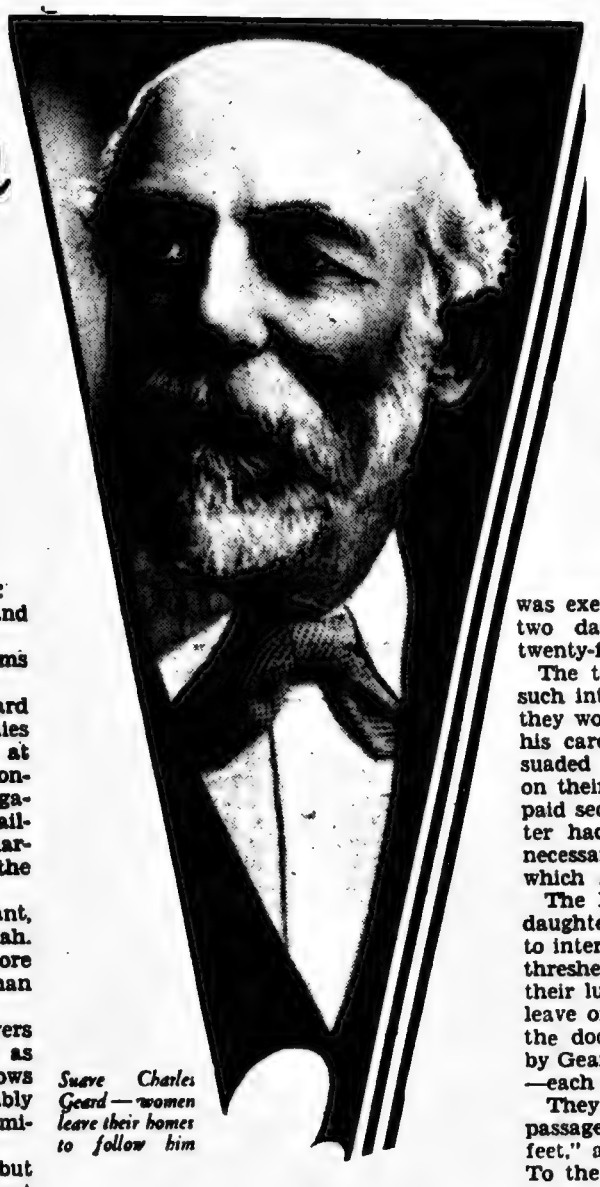
He did not have the fare for the voyage, but it was provided in a miraculous manner. He merely entered the booking office, and, while he stood at the counter, a ghost from heaven came alongside, bought two tickets, and, disappearing, left one on the counter for Geard.

Incidentally, a great part of Geard's teaching concerns ghosts. He describes to his followers how he meets ghosts on country walks—one of them the apparition of a painted lady with a notorious past—and at his services he mimics the awful noises which he says the ghosts make in his presence.

From Africa, Geard found the means to go to Jerusalem, and it was in Palestine, while he fasted for forty days and nights and slept in the caves of the hyenas, that the revelation was made to him that he was Shiloh, the Messiah, and future ruler of the earth.

On returning to Britain, Geard abandoned his wife and children and began the formation of The Chosen Seed.

Possessing an extensive wardrobe, Geard is always most elegantly attired and is especially fastidious about the shade of colouring and the perfect fitting of his spats.



*Suave Charles Geard — women leave their homes to follow him*

Away from his followers, he is a jolly old man. In the West of England, for instance, he has been a well-known figure in the hostelries, and he has won some renown as a skittles player in the alleys attached to public houses in those parts. He likes, by playing for side stakes on his prowess, to have a financial interest in the skittle games.

Not long ago, Geard, who finds delight also in the theatre, was publicly announced as a prize-winner in a £1,000 competition in which the awards were given to people who made the most frequent attendances at a Bristol music-hall. He shared in the prize with one of the women he has induced to leave her husband and home to enter one of his colonies.

### Bags of gold

Geard also lives in comfortable style, and his explanation of the source of his income is that on one occasion a doctor in Bath, whose wife became one of The Chosen Seed, took him to a high place on his estate and, with a sweep of his hand, told him, "All this will be yours." And, says Geard, it was so.

He has also told stories about having been gifted with bags of gold, but the facts he relates concerning these presents are very vague.

A few months ago, the people of The Chosen Seed, who are told that they will never die, but be caught up to heaven, and that there is no such thing as suffering, had a shock when Geard's own sister died at the Devonshire colony.

She had been attending a London hospital for a serious disease, but gave up treatment in favour of Geard's care. He told his congregation, during a service at Kentisbeare, that at 6.55 p.m. on the next day the woman would be cured.

A party of people went to London, where the woman was lying ill, to observe the miracle, but it did not happen. Soon afterwards, Geard took the woman to Devonshire, where she died in a few weeks.

Her body lay in the bungalow from morning until night before the doctor and the registrar were notified. During the day Geard conducted a service in the old railway coach for her resurrection, and it was only after he declared that she had appeared in white beside him and had been lifted up to heaven that the authorities were informed of her death.

A few months ago, Geard was remonstrated with by an engineer who lives in Harlesden, London, regarding the extraordinary influence he was exerting upon the man's wife and two daughters, aged twenty-six and twenty-four.

The two young women had acquired such intense faith in his teaching that they would never die or suffer while in his care that both of them were persuaded to surrender insurance policies on their lives, and one gave up a well-paid secretarial post. The other daughter had also been induced to stop a necessary course of medical treatment which she was undergoing.

The London man, with his wife and daughters, motored down to Somerset to interview Geard and have the matter threshed out with him. The party had their luggage packed and were about to leave on the return journey when, near the door, the husband was confronted by Geard and Caleb sitting on low stools—each with a Bible in his hand.

They read again and again to him the passage, "Shake off the dust of your feet," and then Geard showed him out. To the man's amazement his wife and daughters did not appear.

### House empty

They came to an upper window and told him that it had been decided that they would not return to London, but would leave home for ever and put themselves under the protection of Shiloh. All appeals to them failed.

The husband has no idea where his wife and daughters are, and all the letters which he addressed to them through Geard remained unanswered.

There is also the case of an accountant's wife and daughter in Bath. For years this gentleman had allowed Geard to lodge at his home, but his domestic life became so upset because of Geard's influence upon his family that the husband had to tell him in the plainest language to desist. Among other things Geard had persuaded the wife and daughter to cease church attendance.

Recently this man returned home from his office one night and was amazed to see two motor furniture vans leaving his door. Entering the house he found it almost empty of its furniture, and Geard and his wife and daughters gone.

He has never heard since anything from or about them, and has no knowledge where they are. A demand was made for the return of the furniture, but the only response was a cheque offered as a money settlement.

Religious liberty is a precious thing, but the religion of Charles Geard is a travesty. In any other country but Britain he would be quickly suppressed by the authorities. Perhaps this exposure, however, will help to end his perilous activities.

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*John Bull, 16.2.35. No. 509.*

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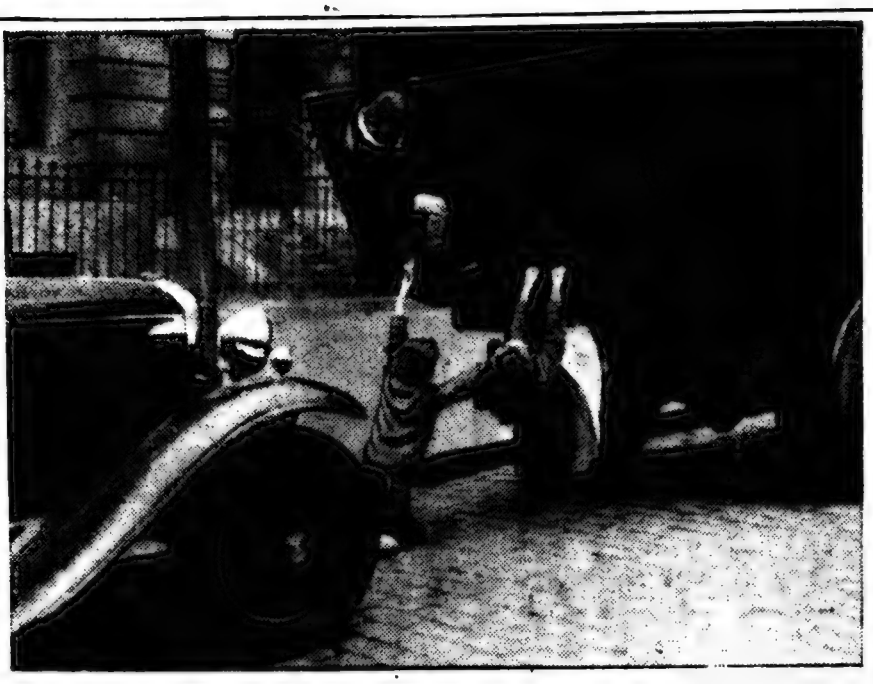

# A SLIP— *and then....*

"LORRY-JUMPING" was one of the thrills of our boyhood. The fact that disaster lurked only a finger's breadth away seemed to add to the enjoyment. Children are just as partial to a free ride to-day. And only too often, the journey's end is a tragedy.

**Last year, "John Bull," under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift, paid out Benefits in respect of Children's Accidents at the rate of over 100 a week.** This is only one of the many benefits provided under JOHN BULL'S comprehensive Free Family Insurance Gift.

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DOESN'T SHE? THEY HAVEN'T GOT A MAID, YOU KNOW!
THOUGHT) WHEN I KNOW MRS. FAWCETT BETTER, I'LL ASK HER WHAT HER SECRET IS
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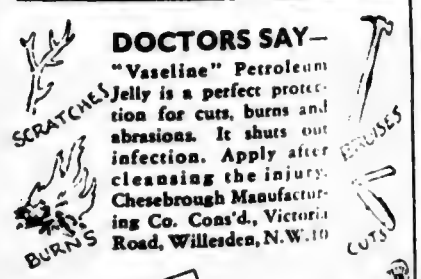
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52 NEW

J. B. GRAVES Ltd., SHEFFIELD

*A harmless pleasure—but still frowned on by certain people*

# CHILD DANCERS: INCREDIBLE Sentence

A FINE degree of interference this country of ours has reached when the love of dancing on the part of two young and pretty sisters is counted a crime to be punished by banishment from home and enforced restraint in an institution.

Yet that is what can happen under the Children and Young Persons Act of 1933.

We have hammered, time and again, against the intolerable liberty-robbing features of this statute. Certain good aspects of the Act are admitted, but, on the debit balance, are provisions which directly attack the freedom of the home.

The extraordinary case which we now record emphasises and supports our criticism. It shows how a working class family can be wrecked effectively by the provisions of this Parliamentary measure.

## Money to spend

Because of the safeguards of the Act we may not mention names, nor publish portraits of the young persons concerned. Therefore the principals must remain anonymous.

In the small Norfolk village of Tilney All Saints, a few miles from King's Lynn, live an ex-Service man, who was for nearly fifteen years in the Army, his wife and children.

Until recently the children at home were a son and five daughters, ranging downward in age from sixteen to four years. The girls who play a part in this story are Miss Sixteen-Year-Old—whom we will call "A"—and her sister of fourteen—known hereafter as "B."

"A" earned her own living in seasonal agricultural work, and contributed to the household expenses out of her wages, which ranged at times from £1 to 25s. a week. "B" was in her last term at school.

Now "A" was smitten with a craze for dancing, and, as she had money to spend, she would go frequently, with her parents' knowledge, to dances held at a King's Lynn hall.

## Asked for job

On several occasions she was late home after dancing, and on others—because of bad weather—she stayed the night at the house of a respectable, married friend in Lynn. When at home "A" and "B" were, naturally, close companions, and schoolgirl "B" was heard to say that she envied her elder sister, and that when she was older and earned wages she would like to go dancing too. The kind of innocent statement that any child might make.

It so happened that the father, having the best interests of the elder girl at heart, came to the conclusion that she was becoming just a little too fond of her dancing. So he approached the local inspector of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, asking if it was possible for the inspector to obtain regular domestic service for the girl.

Under the Children and Young Persons Act inspectors of the N.S.P.C.C. are authorised to institute proceedings in respect of children who are deemed to be in need of "care and protection." And this is what the inspector—no doubt acting with good intentions—did after he had made enquiries.

To the amazement of the parents they were ordered to appear with their two daughters "A" and "B" before the appropriate juvenile court in a neighbouring village.

There the indictment against "A" was reviewed; that she was in the habit of attending dances and returning home late at night. Nothing more, however, was proved against "A"; simply the fact that she was a high-spirited girl prone to spend her own money in the way which appealed to her.

Against fourteen-year-old "B" the allegation was even more fantastic. It amounted to this, that she was under the influence of her sister. Never had this child been out alone late at night. On that point the father and mother were both equally specific.

Both parents declare that the child has never given them a moment of anxiety; that she is good, obedient and a loyal little helper in the home.

Yet the magistrates, in their wisdom, decided that the two girls should be sent away; the elder for two and a half years and the younger for three years.

## Home broken

They were removed first of all to a remand home in Norwich, and from there—after an interval during which arrangements for their future custody were made—were sent, the elder to the Church Army institution, Parkside, Huyton, Liverpool, and the younger to the Princess Mary's Village Homes, Addlestone, Surrey.

At this point we state our opinion clearly: Cases such as this were never meant to be brought before the juvenile courts under the Children and Young Persons Act. Without question, the magistrates were acting in a way they considered proper when they sentenced the girls to banishment.

In our view, it is an intolerable misuse of the Act to take such action on such evidence against two young girls. Our investigations show that the home is an admirable one: the father and mother individuals of excellent character who desire and have a right to control their children.

Since the girls were sent away the home has been broken by unhappiness. The mother is worrying herself into illness through the loss of her girls.

Making an appeal to JOHN BULL that the matter of this juvenile court "justice" be publicly ventilated, the father writes in pathetic terms:

"Had my children done any crime they could have expected to be sent away. But it is no crime to attend a dance, and why should the younger be made to suffer for her sister who went to these dances?

"I beg of you to do everything in your power for my girls, especially for the younger one, as my wife is a broken woman since she was sent away."

A cruelty of the punishment is the distance to which the children have been despatched into exile. Visits from relatives are permitted them at regular intervals, but it is impossible, of course, for a working-class mother to find the money for the fare from King's Lynn to Weybridge in Surrey, or to Liverpool.

Only once a month is the elder girl allowed to write home. Such restrictions could scarcely be harder if the children had been sent to prison.

## No offence

The fact that the girls are kindly treated in their respective institutions is beside the point. They should never have been hauled before a juvenile court and they should never have been sentenced. Such cases cannot be permitted. The provisions of the Children and Young Persons Act were never meant to be applied with such ridiculous rigour.

In this year of grace in England dancing is not a moral offence on the part of children.

Freedom of the home and of individuals still exists.

# LENDING NATURE *a* HAND

*Homely Wisdom by*

*Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

HERE is a good story. A man was hard at work on his garden plot, planning, weeding, pruning his fruit trees, thinning out his flower beds, and so on. A clergyman who was passing stopped to admire the orderly and attractive appearance of the carefully tended piece of gound.

"What a splendid display of natural colour!" he exclaimed. "I have never seen anything more beautiful of its kind. What a lovely thing God can make of a garden!"

The man addressed turned his head over his shoulder and sarcastically answered: "That is all very fine, but you should have seen this plot when I left God all the digging to do."

The reply was very much to the point, but both speakers were right. The gardener by himself could not have caused a single flower to bloom or a single berry to ripen. Nature did that; and Nature in this case is only another name for the mysterious, inexhaustible power of life and growth that the devout mind calls God.

On the other side of the picture, however, is the undoubted fact that without cultivation the ground would merely be a wilderness, a dreary riot of useless products or of growths of minor value to mankind, either as pleasant to the eyes or good for food.

In other words God and man must co-operate—or Mother Nature and man if you like the expression better—if the earth is to yield her increase and bring forth abundantly the gorgeous hues and delectable herbs that we have learned to desire.

The famous Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore, has written a fine description of this truth of experience as viewed from what we know of its divine side. He says: "Hidden in the heart of things, thou art nourishing seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness."

Luther Burbank, the equally famous American horticulturist, would have commented on this statement: "Yes, but that invisible Creator, whose miraculous energies are ever seeking new outlets, will not do much for us unless we are willing to do plenty of spade-work ourselves."

The same thing in principle is true of human character. It was what St. Paul meant when he wrote in a letter that is now part of the Bible: "We are labourers together with God; ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building."

Unfortunately there is a striking disparity between what we have learned to accomplish in utilising the natural resources of the outer world and in ordering our own inner life. The greatest danger to civilisation just now is that we have got control of terrifically immense natural forces without achieving a corresponding control of ourselves.

Bertrand Russell, now Lord Russell, says of this: We know less of our own nature as yet than we do of the laws that govern the physical world. When we have brought our own inner life into harmony we shall have achieved a happiness which our outward gains have hitherto failed to acquire for us.

Cultivate the human garden; it will yield you a rich return in strength and beauty of character as well as in inward peace. With God all things are possible, but do not expect Him to do all the work. As the Bible says again: "Work out your own salvation . . . for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do."

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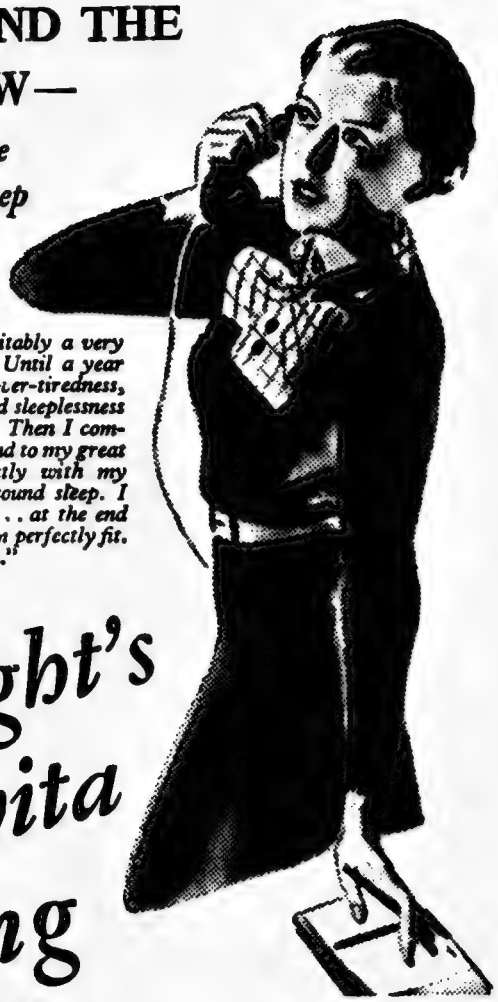
*because she makes sure of a sound night's sleep*



Read this letter from a woman secretary:

*"I am in a secretarial position, and have a great deal of responsible work each day, and there is inevitably a very heavy nervous and mental strain. Until a year ago I was subject to periods of over-tiredness, with the accompanying lassitude and sleeplessness which nothing seemed to banish . . . Then I commenced taking Bourn-vita, and found to my great satisfaction that it agreed perfectly with my digestion, and gave me nights of sound sleep. I have continued with it daily, and . . . at the end of a period of prolonged strain I am perfectly fit. Thank you for giving us Bourn-vita."*

★Read below *how* Bourn-vita gives this wonderful help.

*Last night's Bourn-vita is helping her now!*

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THE FOOD-DRINK for DIGESTION SLEEP AND ENERGY


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*The Guarantee appears in this issue on page 43.*


INTENSE NERVOUS PROSTRATION

Mrs. Whetnall, 27, Turnerson St., off New Park Rd., Salford, writes:—"I never picked up after a very bad confinement. I was in this state for two years and used to cry if anybody looked at me. My husband thought I was losing my reason and asked me to try Vitadatio. I took three bottles and began to feel benefit. I then went to Wales and took two bottles with me and when I came back people could not believe it was me. I looked wonderful and felt it. I would back Vitadatio against anything for lasting benefit."

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Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints, and many internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles for export, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

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(and how easily!) last year by running a "Record" Club—why shouldn't *you* do this during the present year? It does not mean trying to sell to people expensive things that they don't want and can't afford—on the contrary our Catalogue contains amazing bargains, things that everyone needs for themselves or their home. To show a "Record" Club Catalogue is to have people ask you to let them join your Club. Write for Catalogue and full particulars (free) with PROOF of what you can earn and what Club members say of our goods and service. You owe it to yourself and your friends to study our values.

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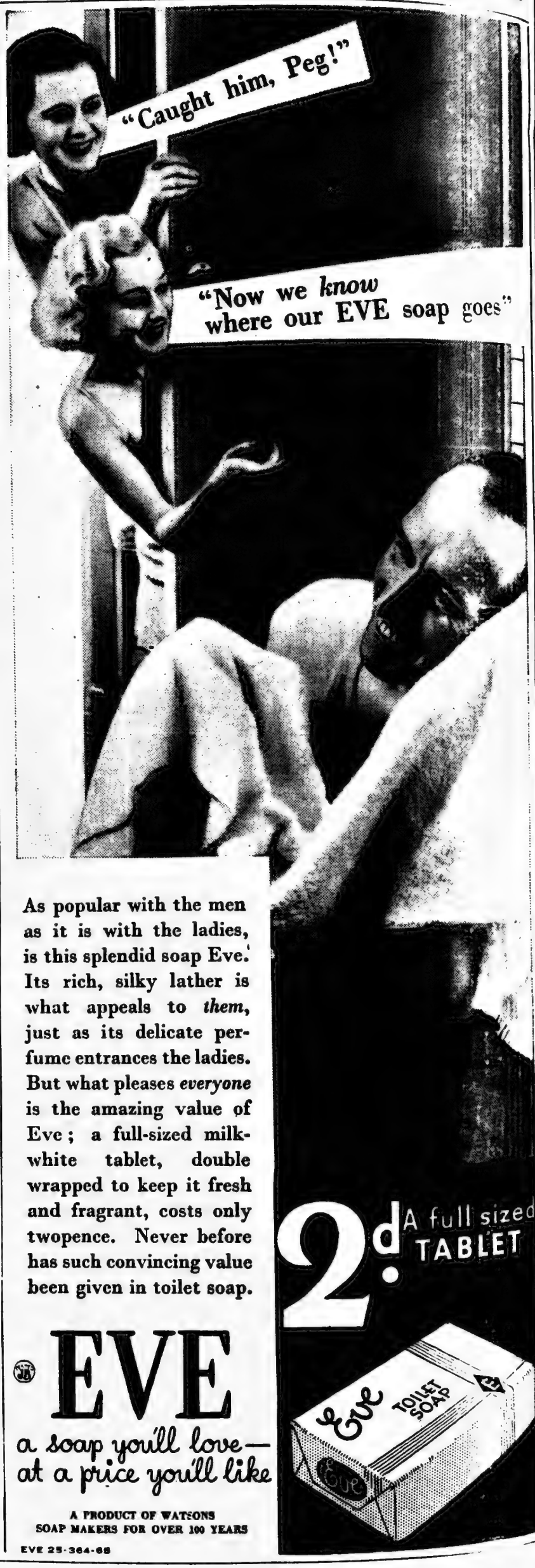


As popular with the men as it is with the ladies, is this splendid soap Eve. Its rich, silky lather is what appeals to *them*, just as its delicate perfume entrances the ladies. But what pleases *everyone* is the amazing value of Eve; a full-sized milk-white tablet, double wrapped to keep it fresh and fragrant, costs only twopence. Never before has such convincing value been given in toilet soap.

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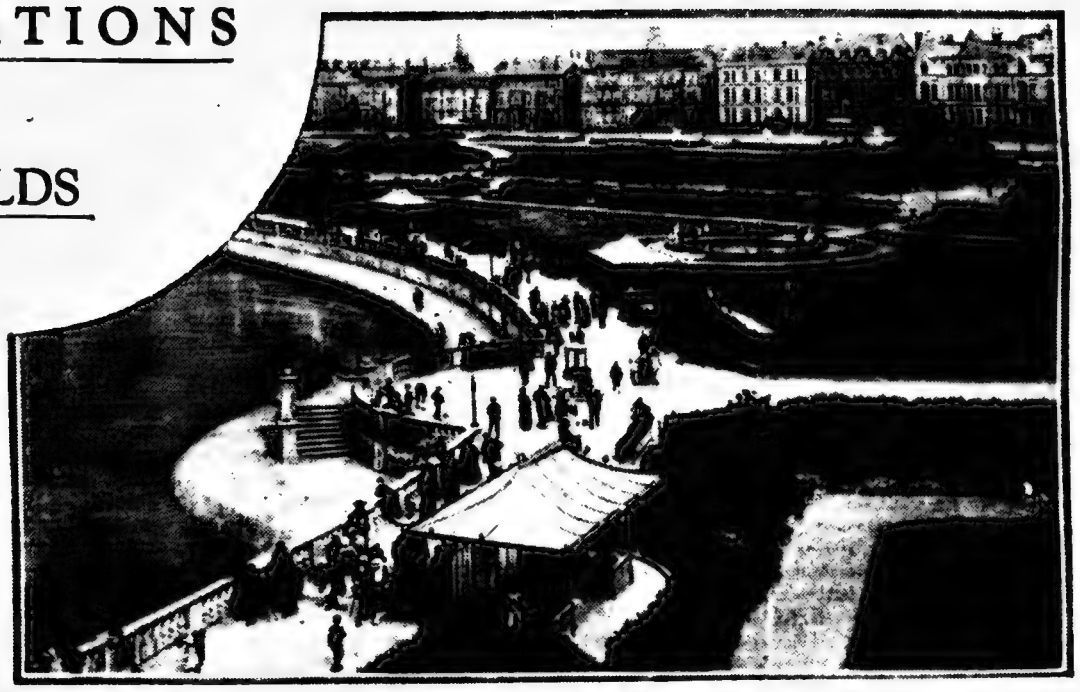
# WEEKLY INFORMATIONS FROM SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

# The MAN who FORGOT £14,000



*When his memory failed him Tawton sought to recuperate in this pleasant setting of Southport. His creditors in Bedford hope he will soon remember*

A GOOD many of my readers are mystified by the complete disappearance of an individual called John Richard Tawton, who has caused considerable stir in Bedford and elsewhere.

The name will, I know, sound familiar to an even larger number of people than those with whom I have been in touch; for Tawton's business activities have extended over a considerable area in the midland counties.

The story behind his dramatic exit from circles in which he was known as "Honest John," or "Gentleman John," is one that calls for immediate comment.

John Richard Tawton was formerly living in Beverley Crescent, Bedford, and he carried on business as a boot and shoe retailer in the High Street of that town.

He became a member of a famous society, was entertained by many well-known Bedford men, and was a familiar figure at prominent local functions.

Tawton had not long started his business in Bedford before he opened a branch at Nuneaton, in Warwickshire, where he styled himself "John Sanders." Then he opened a third store in a thoroughfare called The Colonnade, at Maidenhead, Berkshire.

## *No memory*

In rather less than two years, Tawton amassed debts of nearly £14,000, as a result of which he figured in bankruptcy proceedings taken by many pressing creditors.

The efforts made to unravel his complicated dealings occupied the court over a period of some weeks, and revealed him in a most unfavourable light.

When his creditors first called a meeting, Tawton was absent in Croydon. He pleaded indisposition and sent a member of his family to call upon numbers of people from whom he had raised funds.

He was finally brought back at the instance of the official receiver, but he now pleaded loss of memory and was unable to render the slightest assistance.

The auditor who had charge of his affairs was forced to report that they were extremely unsatisfactory.

In the end, Tawton's public examination was adjourned *sine die*. My investigator's report on this case convinces me that it is most unfortunate that his affairs should thus be left in the air.

Following the last adjournment of his case in the county court at Bedford, this "prominent citizen" removed his goods and chattels from where he resided, and departed with his family for an unknown destination.

He left behind him more than fifty creditors, to whom he owes sums ranging from £30 to more than £3,000, and including one item of £1,000, airily raised as a "loan." Since his departure his unfortunate creditors have heard nothing.

When Tawton first took premises in High Street, Bedford, and secured an option to purchase a shop, he borrowed £500 from an elderly man whom he met at a social function, and proceeded to raise further funds on the strength of a mortgage.

When he opened up a branch in Maidenhead, he went to another member of the society to which he belonged and secured a loan of £750.

He represented that the business he was taking over was an old-established concern, although inquiries reveal that it was nothing of the kind.

## *Made £10,000*

Not long afterwards Tawton was heard to boast that as soon as he had made £10,000 he would retire.

He certainly appeared for a time to be conducting a flourishing business, and he had no difficulty in raising further loans and credit to the value of thousands of pounds.

Then, like a bombshell, came the disclosure that he was pressed for credit. When the elderly victim learned that his £500 was irretrievably lost, he collapsed, and died within a week.

In the meantime, creditors from Northampton, Bedford, Nuneaton and Maidenhead met with accountants from London to consider the position.

The sale of stock, fittings, the unexpired leases he had taken up, the book debts he had contracted, and the several sundries comprising the estate, fetched less than £3,000.

## *Assured sum*

I need hardly remark that the sum was absurdly small when compared with the amount of money Tawton handled after trading for less than two years.

An interesting sidelight on the disposal of the huge sums he had secured on one pretence or another is that Tawton was paying his own wife a salary of £9 a week out of the business.

In the months since Tawton's examination in bankruptcy was adjourned indefinitely, a number of his creditors have sought to have the case reopened.

It is hardly necessary to add that, following the disgraceful manner in which he abused the trust that was placed in him, Tawton's name was removed from the roll of members of the society of which he was a member.

Meanwhile, Tawton is free to live a life of leisure, playing his customary round of golf, taking a stroll along the sea-front each morning, acting the part of the retired business man.

It is due to the diligence of my investigation staff that I have been able to trace him to Southport, Lancashire, where he fled to escape his clamouring dupes, and where he is now enjoying an unmerited retirement.

Such, then, is the extraordinary story of the man who forgot £14,000.

Most people will agree that the situation is decidedly unfortunate for the perplexed creditors, who still bitterly remember their losses, but who are unable to find any way of securing satisfaction.

# Caned Boy

IT is possible to appreciate the difficulties of a head master responsible for a large number of boys, but a recent incident at the Ellesmere Road Senior Boys' School, Braunstone, Leicester, calls for some comment.

Alan Davey, one of the pupils, was on his way to school when he became involved in a typical schoolboy scrimmage.

Whether it was this boy's fault or his companion's is beside the point, but the fact is that his mouth was badly cut—so badly, indeed, that the family doctor later had to put three stitches in the wound.

But when Alan Davey went into school shortly after his mishap he was naturally questioned, and in spite of his injury was caned and then sent back to his class.

As the suffering boy was forced to remain in class until the end of the afternoon, it is not surprising that he arrived home on the verge of collapse.

When the parents took up the case with the Education Department of the Leicester County Council they received little satisfaction. An official simply replied as follows:—

"I am instructed by the managers to say that they are satisfied that the action taken was justified and that the punishment administered did not exceed that which was necessary to secure the maintenance of proper discipline in the school."

* * *

It is unfortunate that this letter begs the whole question raised by the parents.

Their grievance was not that their son had been punished, but that he had been caned at a time when, owing to the injury to his mouth, he should have been sent home or to a doctor.

The immediate need was for medical treatment, not a caning.

## Boredom is a CRIME!

### THE HUMAN MACHINE

*BOREDOM ought to be made an indictable offence. No human being has any right to be bored. No one has any right to say that life is dull, that it's all wrong, that it isn't worth living. People who talk like that are public nuisances. Something ought to be done to them.*

*No one ever heard of a really successful man being bored. Edison never talked of life being dull. Neither does Signor Marconi. Neither, for the matter of that, does a man like Mussolini—or anyone who is trying to cram twenty-five hours' work into twenty-four.*

*They haven't time to be bored.*

*People who think life is dull, people who imagine themselves to be bored, are forgetting the vital fact that the world contains people as well as things.*

*They shut themselves up in a mental cave in the middle of a mental desert, and then wonder why they find life dull! Men were never meant to be hermits. If we deliberately choose to be hermits, what right have we to expect anything but boredom?*

*What right have you to expect fair treatment from life if you treat life unfairly?*

*The way to kill boredom is to get out and rub shoulders with other people; to learn sometimes to subordinate our own wishes and desires in order to further the ideas of someone else; to get busy and to keep on being busy.*

*Bored people are just intensely selfish people, thinking of no one but themselves.*

*You can no more sharpen interest by solitary brooding than you can sharpen steel without a grindstone.*

# DEADLY GAM

"TO remove those tendencies which, if unchecked, are calculated to lead to a race in armaments and to increase the dangers of war."

That, in the rather pompous language of an official communiqué, was one of the chief objects of the Downing Street talks between the French and British Premiers and Foreign Secretaries.

It is one of the chief objects of the negotiations which are the logical sequel of those talks.

They are going to deal with the menace of rearmament (going on merrily not merely in Germany but in every country in Europe).

They are specially concerned with what Sir John Simon rightly calls "the new and special danger" of sudden air attacks.

They are going to tackle the whole thorny question of "security pacts" and "pacts of mutual assistance."

But there is one subject, one "tendency" which, so far, not one of the statesmen has mentioned. Yet it is certainly a "tendency which, if unchecked, is calculated to increase the dangers of war."

That is the tendency to revive the old game of secret diplomacy, secret agreements, secret ententes, secret alliances, which—as everyone knows—was one of the main causes of the Great War.

When the peace came there was a determined attack on "secret diplomacy." Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was one of its prominent leaders. And it looked for a while as if it had been successful.

## *World startled*

But to-day all over Europe secret pacts, and rumours of secret pacts, are as plentiful as ever they were in the years before 1914. . .

"An agreement exists. The Russian army, very strong, perfectly equipped, has been offered to us in the event of a conflict with Germany."

It is not very long ago since M. Archimbaud, "rapporteur" of the Army Committee of the French Chamber, threw that startling phrase at the world.

Official denials of any secret treaty, any secret agreement, came hastily from the Quai d'Orsay and from the Kremlin.

But, for all the official denials, there are many people who suspect that, though France and the Soviet Union have signed no Treaty of Alliance, there is some kind of secret understanding between them.

The possibility is discussed anxiously by generals in the Reichswehr Ministry in Berlin, enthusiastically by "patriots" in the cafés of Paris.

It may well be true. It may well be untrue. There is the curse of secret treaties and secret agreements and secret diplomacy. The very possibility of them breeds suspicion. Denials give no confidence. The world has been fooled that way before.

Over and over again, in the years before the war, we in this country were assured that there was no commitment of any kind, no agreement of any kind, that bound us to go to war with France against Germany.

Technically that was true. In fact, it was utterly false. There was no signed pact. There was no legally binding promise.

But all the time there was, on both sides of the Channel, among the few people "in the know," an understanding.

The people of this country did not know. Parliament did not know. Even the majority of the Cabinet did not know. But the diplomats and the war lords knew.

The General Staffs were in constant consultation. All the French plan of war was based on the assumption that the British Army would take its allotted place on the left of the French line, on the assumption that, while the French fleet was concentrated in the Mediterranean, the British fleet would protect France's Channel and Atlantic coast.

All that, when the moment came, created an "obligation of honour" that was as binding as any treaty.

As binding, and far worse. For the worst thing about the situation in 1914 was that the French and the Russians knew that Britain must "come in" on their side, while the Germans and Austrians did not know, or, at any rate, were not sure.

So the French and Russian diplomats were ready to bluff to the limit, feeling quite sure that the third partner in the "entente" could be counted on as an ally if war came. Saranov, the Russian Foreign Minister, told the British Ambassador so at the very beginning of the crisis.

And, on the other hand, the Germans and Austrians bluffed to the limit because they believed almost to the last minute that there was a good chance that Britain would stay neutral. They did not realise how closely the Government's hands were tied by the secret understandings of the General Staffs.

## *Grave rumours*

To make it worse, they thought they could count on their ally Italy standing by her alliance and joining with them. While, thanks to secret diplomacy, the other side knew that Italy would, at any rate, stay neutral and might join in against her allies.

Result: everybody was made stiffer and less conciliatory—with the natural result.

The curse of secret understandings, of secret assurances, of secret diplomacy, hung over Europe before the war and helped to plunge it into war.

Does the same curse still hang over us twenty years later? Are there still secret pacts between nations to combine against other nations?

If M. Archimbaud was blurting out a truth, if the official denials were just official denials, then there are. And there are rumours of many secret understandings besides that Franco-Russian military one of which the "rapporteur" so indiscreetly talked.

The Continent is riddled with rumours of them, with suspicions of them. It should not be so. The war, which was to end war, was also to end secret diplomacy and secret pacts. Remember that, very solemnly, the Allies pledged themselves that the Peace should be on the basis of Wilson's "Fourteen Points" speech of January 8, 1918.

Now, that speech declared definitely that they would "permit thenceforth no secret understandings of any kind."

"The day of secret covenants," said the President, "is gone by." And the first of the fourteen points laid it down that—

"There shall be no private international understandings of any kind."

That was the promise. It was incorporated in the League Covenant, of which the 18th article provides that every treaty or international engagement must be registered with the League and published by it.

That was the promise. But the ink was hardly dry on the Covenant before it was cynically broken. Exactly a week before the League came into being Clemenceau ordered Foch to prepare a secret military agreement with Belgium.

The secret leaked out a few

(*Continued on page* 27)

# E of SECRETS

## IT STILL Goes On

months later. There was a storm of protest and criticism: to which the French Government replied quite calmly that as the agreement was a purely military one, and dealt with the disposition of troops under certain conditions, it simply must be kept secret. So Wilson's First Point was blown to smithereens by Clemenceau and Foch. Secret treaties, formally outlawed in 1918, had become again the fashion by 1920.

That began it. And the game has gone on merrily ever since.

That first secret agreement with Belgium was followed by secret French agreements with Poland, with Czechoslovakia, with Rumania.

Sometimes there were formed alliances inscribed in public treaties. But the public documents are vague: it is the realities, the secret agreements behind which matter.

The Franco-Polish alliance in its first form was a mere declaration that the two Governments would "maintain close contact for the defence of their higher interests." But at once a French general hurried off to Warsaw: and the wags of Paris talked of the Poles as "the French Army of the Vistula."

Germany's counterblast was the friendship made with Soviet Russia at Rapallo. And again—so all Europe believed — diplomatic friendship brought with it secret military agreements.

The two countries, it was alleged, agreed to assist each other in certain eventualities. The two General Staffs entered into close consultations. The Germans provided expert advice, both in training and in arms manufacture, to the then inexpert Russians. The Russians agreed to accumulate—at Germany's expense—stocks of munitions prohibited by the Versailles Treaty, and to hold them at the disposal of the Germans.

How much was true, how much was conjecture, it is hard to say. But certainly some of it was true. For it was proved that the Reichswehr was—in defiance of the treaty—getting some munitions from Soviet Russia: and that Reichswehr officers and ex-officers were employed in Russian poison-gas factories.

Franco-Belgian secret treaty, Russo-German secret treaty. The system began to spread over Europe. Pretty certainly Italy had—possibly still has—secret military treaties with Hungary and Bulgaria. Pretty certainly there are secret clauses in the Russo-Turkish alliance.

### More tangles

When Poland and Germany in 1933 came to an agreement that put away, for a time at least, the danger of a clash over the "Corridor" and over Silesia, the report ran again that behind this settlement there was a secret bargain.

Poland and Germany, it was said, had agreed together that, if Russia got entangled in the Far East, they would together attack her on the West.

Germany, breaking through the Baltic States, would push to Leningrad. Poland would drive south-east through the Ukraine to Odessa and the Black Sea. The territorial loot would be amicably partitioned.

It is a dubious story. But confidence once shaken is hard to re-establish. If one secret treaty is known to be a fact, another becomes credible. And certainly in Moscow responsible people believed that this story was a fact, or might be a fact.

Their own friendship with Germany had faded to nothing. The secret agreement of Rapallo had become waste paper. Gossip says that the Soviet military authorities quietly confiscated the stocks they were holding for the Reichswehr; and that the German Government, however furious, could do nothing—since it could not very well own that the Reichswehr had been conspiring with the Bolsheviks!

Germany, it was believed in Moscow, was making a secret anti-Russian alliance with the Poles. Germany, it was further believed, was making a secret anti-Russian alliance with the Japanese.

The Soviet Government, thoroughly alarmed, entered the League and moved rapidly towards a French alliance.

France, fearing that her old ally Poland was changing sides and, at the best, could not be counted on against Germany, was equally willing. "Conversations" began.

How far they have gone, no one outside the two Governments and their General Staffs—and maybe certain Intelligence Services of other Powers—knows accurately.

M. Archimbaud blurted out that the Soviet Government had "offered" its army to France. French and Russian official circles promptly and flatly denied it. Who knows? Anyway, plenty of people believe that it is so: or that if it is not exactly so, there is some agreement that comes to much the same thing.

Do not imagine that this country is necessarily immune. No one before the war knew of those General Staff conversations: no one knew that Sir Henry Wilson and others had worked out with French generals all the plans for an Expeditionary Force—how it would be transported, where it would take its place in the French line.

Nobody knows to-day. But there have been plenty of rumours. Just as you might hear in Paris of the air agreement with Russia, so you might hear of a secret air agreement with Britain.

There are, they say, aerodromes in France earmarked for the use of the R.A.F. Plans have been worked out between the two air staffs.

Back in the summer there were very strong reports in Paris about those aerodromes. Maybe they were false. But they were certainly believed by quite responsible people in French political life.

They would tell you of visits by officials and experts of the British Air Ministry, of the surveying and selection of sites, of the working out of all the technical arrangements so that these "advanced bases," close behind the great new line of French fortifications, could be ready for use at a few hours' notice.

Maybe it was all imagination—like the Russian troops in England in 1914. Maybe not. Who knows?

### Fatal blow

They say it. And it is denied. But plenty of people, when Mr. Baldwin talked of Britain's air frontier being on the Rhine, were quick to draw the deduction. "There," they said, "we told you so. The story about British air bases in France and Belgium is quite true."

When General Weygand came to London last summer to talk with General Montgomery-Massingberd, there were suspicions that it was something more than a friendly visit to an old acquaintance.

And even now there are those who hint that the suggested Five Power Air Pact is simply a smoke-screen, a polite and theoretical screen for the reality of an already existing secret Anglo-French air alliance.

If that were true, and if it were discovered by the Germans, it would destroy at a blow all the hopes of a general settlement.

It is ardently to be hoped that it is not true: that all these stories are what psychologists call "wish-fulfilment," spread about by people who would like them to be true.

But, who knows?

That is the curse of the whole business. Nobody—nobody of the general public, of the men who may some day have to pay the price—does know. Nobody in other Governments really knows.

### Banish them!

But this is known. That all over Europe to-day there are secret agreements, secret pacts, secret understandings, all of them pledging (or as good as pledging) somebody in certain circumstances to make war on somebody else.

The excuse is "security"; but the result is suspicion and counter-intrigue.

They are a virulent power in the international body. And Europe will never know either security or the assurance of peace until the whole evil business of them has been abolished.

"There shall be no private international understandings of any kind" was the solemn promise of 1918. If Europe is to have peace that promise has got to be made again—and not only made, but kept.

**Europe's Confidential Statesmen:**

*Foreign Secretary Sir John Simon has a private word with Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald (top left), while, below, M. Flandin, France's Premier, is button-holed to have news passed on to him. His colleague and Foreign Secretary, M. Laval (above), also has a confidential chat—*

*—and Hitler, Nazi Germany's leader, cannot resist that dangerous appeal—"a word in your ear!"*

"Come to me for Quality soup!"

My world-wide reputation as a great Chef is everything to me—and my reputation rests on my famous Chef Soups—that is your guarantee that every tin of Chef Soup is the finest that can be produced. No such richness and high concentration has ever before been offered to the public at the amazingly reasonable price of 4½d. per large tin. It is different and altogether more delicious than ordinary soups—it is, in fact, exactly as I prepare it for civic magnates at the great City banquets.

CHEF TOMATO SOUP

4½D large tin, makes five great platefuls

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Other varieties—Chef Mixed Vegetable, Green Pea, Celery, Asparagus, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Consomme, Chicken, Kidney.


## JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES—117

*"I heard a sort of scuffle, and rose quickly . . . he had thrown back the bedclothes and had walked to the foot of the bed"*

# ALMOST STRANGLED . .

## *The Night Nurse's Terrible Moment*

OFTEN, round about midnight, when the ward is still and quiet except for the breathing of the sleepers, I will sit in my corner and remember that other night of three years ago. I can see the man's figure stirring from his bed and feel his hands—suddenly grown strong—at my throat.

The hospital in which I am now a staff nurse is in the poor part of a big town and our patients are poor people whose lives are filled with hard work and anxiety. Occasionally, though, a strange newcomer will appear—usually from the direction of the docks.

In the surgical ward I am now working, for instance, there's a little wizened Chinaman with the broadest, yellowest grin I've ever seen. He has a broken arm—the same arm, they say, that left a knife in another man's back.

And we've just discharged a Hindoo who could speak not one word of English. His dumb talk was so incomprehensible, too, that if we discovered he was in need of anything we were reduced to bringing him everything he *might* have wanted until we had guessed correctly!

Round about last Christmas Betty came to my ward with a broken rib from falling down the dark stairs at home.

She was a wistful, pale-faced child of eighteen and she would persist in telling me all about herself. She, the eldest of a large family, had been given the reins of domestic government when her mother died a year before. And on the visiting days her whole family came to see her, father and eight brothers and sisters, too.

On the morning of Christmas Day, Sister-the-Next-Eldest was announced. She had an urgent message for Betty, she said. In she came . . . She had found that the position of deputy little mother was no sinecure, and, red-faced and flurried, she had been forced to hurry to the hospital to ask Betty how on earth you stuffed and cooked a turkey!

One could imagine a hungry horde waiting in desperate suspense at home, grouped round a raw, wan-looking potential Christmas dinner . . .

◪◪◪◪

But let me tell you of my own story. For, as I have hinted, there was one drama worked out in this hospital in which I was the heroine and, incidentally, very nearly the victim, too.

I was on night duty in a men's medical ward—D ward, it was, a double ward containing altogether sixty beds with another nurse on duty in the other half.

Among my patients was a young man who had been very active until a fall had brought on a very painful and weakening complaint so that he was sent here for treatment.

John—that was the name we all knew him by—had had a very harsh home life without, it seemed, one touch of affection, and, consequently, when he arrived here, he was inclined to be truculent and suspicious and boorish.

We are used to *that* kind, however, and anyway I could see he was made of the right stuff, really, so that I took some pains to reassure him and humour him.

Under this cheerful treatment he soon became "human"—and I experienced the old thrill of "winning over" an awkward patient. In the end John became quite an ideal patient, although he needed a good deal of attention always since he suffered a good deal of pain and discomfort.

He slept very badly, and it was not advisable to give him draughts. So I would often talk softly with him in the night to relieve the awful tedium for him. I suppose he began to look forward with pleasure to these little talks of ours. He had some strange ideas—interesting and original ones, too which he was bursting to tell of, although he often stumbled a good deal in expressing himself to his own satisfaction.

◪◪◪◪

For a very young man who had had little opportunity to learn, he had some thoughtful ideas; he would speak usually about Socialism and how the lot of the poor—his people—could be bettered. I suppose his Socialism was far too idealistic, but I know that it all helped him and gave him succour.

Sometimes he became bitter as very young men so often do—and then he'd forget to whisper and I would be compelled to admonish him in case he should awake others in the ward.

John's bodily improvement came very slowly, and it would be a long time yet before he would be able even to leave his bed, so you can understand that our talks helped him in the very trying business of being patient. Of course, Ward D was an exceptionally busy one and our sojourns were short and even then usually interrupted.

◪◪◪◪

Towards the end of my three months' spell of night duty I remember sitting rather despondently over the electric fire in my corner—it was a fearfully cold night and Ward D was one for which "fresh air" was prescribed in large doses so that the windows let in gusts of blood-chilling night air. And the fire was so small that you had to get very close to it so that it singed a small part of your person and left the rest entirely unprotected!

It had been a busy night so far and this was the first moment since supper that I had had to sit down. Earlier in the evening, too, matron had paid a surprise visit to Ward D and very acidly had made a completely unjust criticism—and this still rankled, for I was proud of my ward.

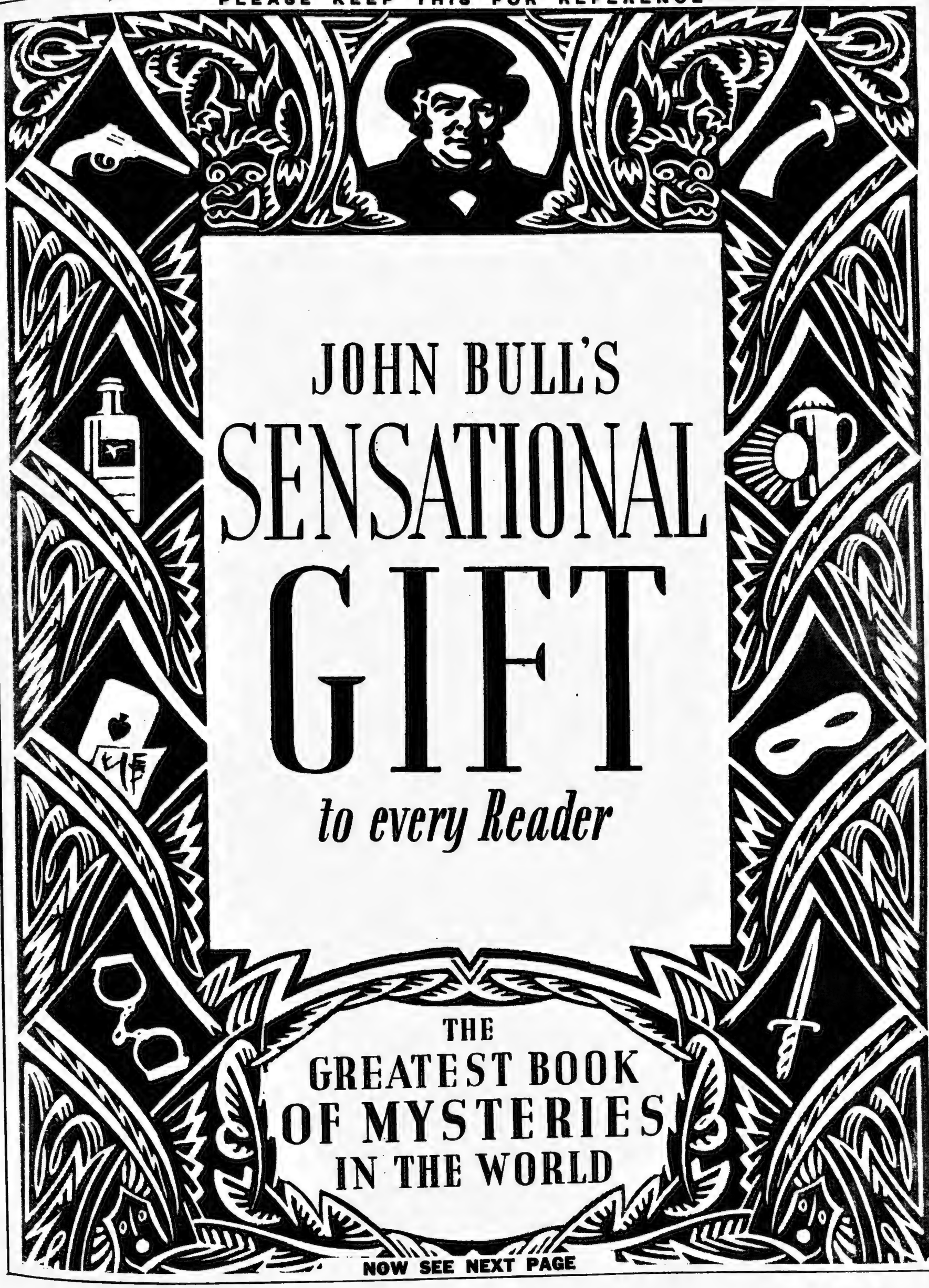
So I had sat at the small fire preoccupied with my own thoughts and generally experiencing the jaded and depressed feeling which usually accompanies the tail end of one's night duty spell.

And then I heard John's whisper carry across the ward: "Come talk, nurse!"

I certainly wasn't in a mood to make

*(Continued on page 30)*

PLEASE KEEP THIS FOR REFERENCE



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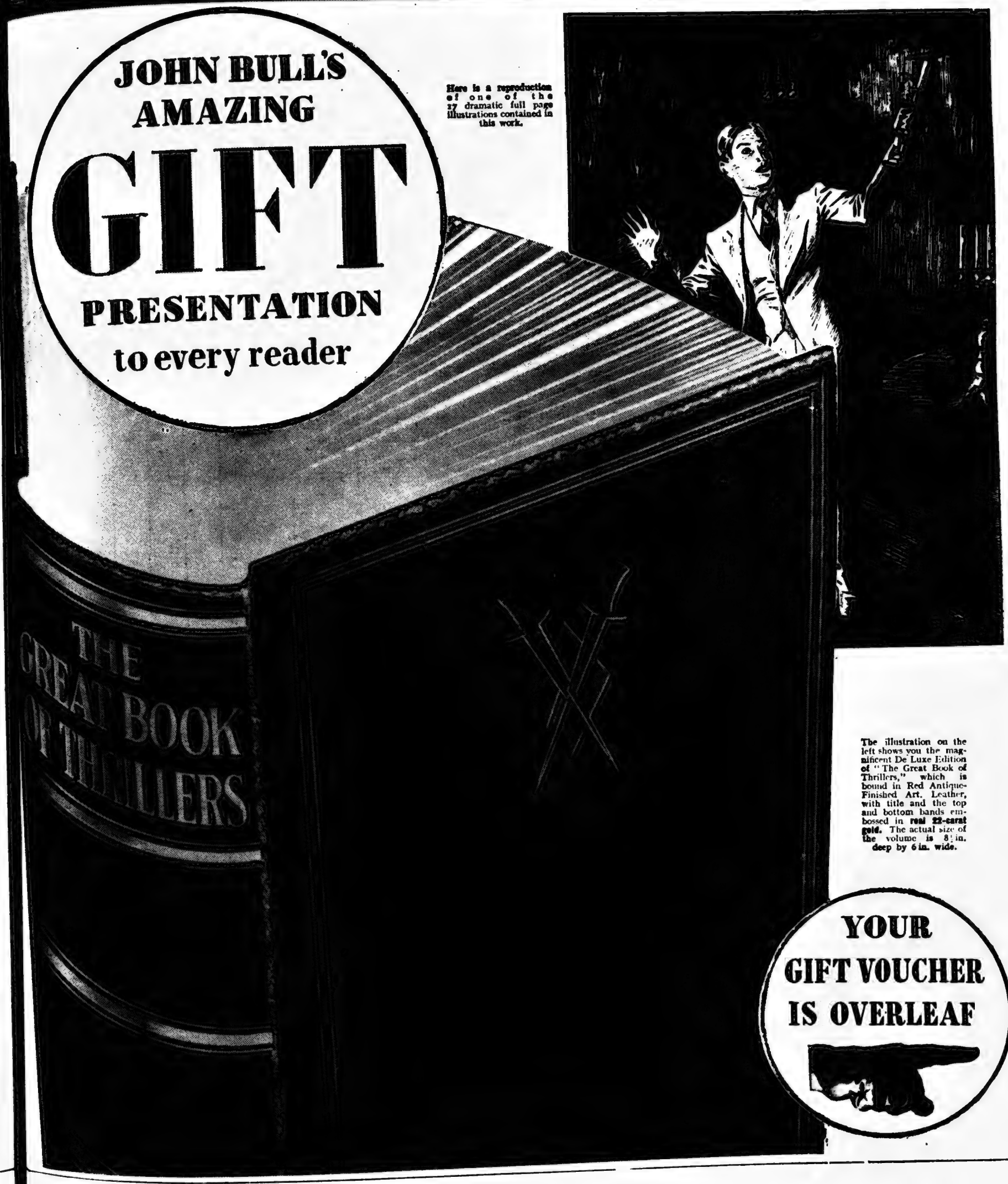


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ALMOST STRANGLED—*Continued from page 28*

# CRY *in the* NIGHT

a good listener to-night, I knew, but I sighed and whispered back "In a moment, then."

When I did get up, though, it was to ease a patient who had suddenly had a spasm of coughing, and then, in quick succession, came other demands so that it was nearly an hour later before I got round to John.

I found him still lying resentfully awake.

"You didn't come," he said shortly.

"No, I'm sorry," I said, rather too casually perhaps.

His old truculence seemed to return, and I had to remind him that there were others in the ward, too, requiring my attention. At that he squirmed round in his bed, and, filled with resentment—and, I suppose, pain, poor boy—he swore.

It was a shock, and, coming at the end of a distressing night, it left me feeling cold and horribly hurt.

I left him at once and soon it was time to go off duty.

The next night John sulked. I did not speak to him. I think I had forgiven him really but I made no gesture, for a nurse must preserve the discipline which in turn is imposed upon herself; she must always be "boss" of her own ward for the good of everyone concerned . . .

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The night passed and the next one came.

When the usual hustle of the first part of the night had died down I sat in my corner where I could keep an eye on both parts of the ward, for the other nurse had gone off to supper, leaving me in sole charge.

There were several cases that needed careful watching, one in particular in my own portion—an elderly man suffering from cystitis, who had been given a morphia injection to relieve his pain. He was a kindly person—Bill they called him—inoffensve and always reluctant to "bother" the staff—the very last person, you'd think, to cause such an outburst as there was that night.

But it is the strange fact about some maladies that, in their grip, the most docile patient may have violent and terrifying reactions; especially is this apt to happen in a case where a drug has been gven.

It was a little after midnight when I heard a sort of scuffle from Bill's direction. I arose quickly. He had thrown back the bedclothes and stepped out and had walked to the foot of the bed by the time I reached him.

I took his shoulders and tried to urge him back, speaking to him gently. He struggled to be rid of me and muttered savagely, incoherently I saw at once that cajolery would not be sufficient and, not realising his latent reserve of strength, I exerted myself to force him back.

This, in his strange condition, must have angered him, for suddenly he seemed to become possessed of superhuman strength. He beat down my arms and, breathing fast, he had his great hands at my throat.

My cry was weakened by the awful pressure—and I realised in a ghastly flash I was alone in the ward but for these sleepers . . . I clawed at his wrists, dug my nails into him. But his grip became more and more unbearable.

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As I felt my struggles weaken I made a desperate effort and kicked and fought in a fury of fear and despair. But his grip would not—*would not*—loosen . . .

And then—suddenly I was free! I fell to the floor sobbing and gasping, on the near verge of hysteria. My hands wrenched off my crumpled collar and tenderly felt my bruised throat.

It was John who had come and swept the old man back with a blow—just in time. And in a moment he had raised the alarm and nurses came and a porter and the house doctor.

I was helped up, taken away and tended. But before I left the ward I saw John there, leaning exhausted by Bill's bed.

As I saw his white face I realised what agony it must have meant for him—weak and pain-racked as he was—to have struggled out of his bed and across the ward. And where had he found strength to deliver that blow?

I was hurried away before I could say a word to him, but he saw my smile and grinned back at me.

The next day after I had been examined and pronounced fit, I was told that I should have this day and the morrow free and would not be required to serve out my night duty, but would be transferred to a day ward on my return.

Before going off, I made my way to Ward D. John was actually little the worse for his adventure, I found. We were both rather embarrassed when we had greeted each other—I most of all.

Soon I left him, after I had told him that I would come and talk to him in the daytime as often as they'd allow me.

On my way out as I approached Bill's bed Sister handed me—a box of chocolates. It was from Bill himself. The morning had seen him normal again and somehow he'd learnt what had happened in the night.

He had been so overcome with remorse (although he couldn't possibly have prevented it!) that he had pleaded with a nurse to run out and buy this peace-offering for me! We shook hands, he and I, and it was all over.

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It was three years ago when that happened, and I am still nursing at this same hospital. I saw John several times after he had left Ward D and then, barely six months ago, he married a pretty young woman and took her off to live in the South.

So although my story is told I may never know the end of his. I have an idea, though, that it will be one of the "happy ever after" variety: I hope so.

*Race with "Silver Ring"*

# "CROCKS" and the CARHOLME

AN old-timer writes to say that he has backed the Lincolnshire winner on several occasions, but that he missed Berrilldon owing to the horse's habit of breaking blood-vessels.

He passed over Mercutio on account of its dicky legs refused to wager on Soranus, who was reported as being grossly fat, and turned down Tapin on the score of an outbreak of boils on the French horse.

He concludes: "Can you give me the name of the best crock in the coming event at Lincoln?"

At one time I considered the Carholme handicap a race for cracks, not crocks, but the "infirm" nowadays are usually the medium of job money.

It was certain Newmarket touts who were responsible for the story that Soranus was as fat as butter. The horse literally walked away with the prize.

The names of the acceptors for the Lincoln are published almost simultaneously with this issue of JOHN BULL. I cannot give the old-timer much help, for most of the entries have a clean bill of health; but, if he wants a good outsider, I would suggest Adriatic.

Apropos the name of Tapin, it is interesting to note that a son of this Lincolnshire winner in Tapinois is a fancied long-shot for the Grand National.

Trained by Hurt, Tapinois has run well, but there are others I like better.

Sandown Park's test for Aintree this week-end is the Grand International Steeplechase.

I am inclined to row in with Buck Willow, who looks pretty good with 10 st. 13 lb.

New Era may win the Diamond Jubilee Hurdle.

## "SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 14, to Wednesday, February 20.

U X Z R 98 Γ F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P
Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

ZK96S93 would read LATOI.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK should read ACCRA.

*"The Greatest of These—"*

Chri..

# Accident

THREE-YEAR-OLD Chris's ex-Service father was described to us as: "A good, honest, sober man who has his heart in his family."

Trouble came to Chris's father early in December, when on his way to work he stooped to recover something he had dropped on the tube station steps, lost his balance and had a bad fall. He was in hospital for some weeks, and still attends as an out-patient.

As, from the time of his accident, 21s. a week sickness benefit is all he has had coming in, every farthing of his savings has vanished.

It will be some weeks before he is fit to resume work, and it is, of course, impossible to pay his rent and provide for his three boys and four girls, the eldest of whom is thirteen and the youngest not yet two months old, on 21s. a week.

But there is another problem worrying Chris's dad. His thirteen-year-old daughter having won a scholarship attends a secondary school, which costs him 4s. a week.

And one of his boys, aged eleven, has also won a scholarship, and his father is most anxious that he should have the benefit of a secondary school education, but he cannot afford to send him.

When Chris's dad lay in hospital, he felt down-hearted, as his wife was then expecting the birth of their baby, and the fear of his two children being deprived of the benefit of their scholarships weighed on his mind.

Because Chris's father has been a good soldier, is a splendid father and a fine citizen, we ask our readers to help him until he can get back to work, and in so doing help his seven kiddies.

Donations earmarked "Chris," and donations intended for the general fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Why was
OUR LITTLE BOY
so out of things?
I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME, DARLING. DO GO AND BRING GERALD IN. HE GETS SO TIRED THESE DAYS
I DON'T WANT GERALD ON MY SIDE HE CAN'T EVEN RUN FAST ENOUGH!
GOOD HEAVENS, MADGE. THE OTHER CHILDREN WON'T EVEN PLAY WITH GERALD. WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH HIM?
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WONDERING. I WAS ASKING NURSE JAMES ONLY YESTERDAY. SHE SAYS HE'S OUTGROWING HIS STRENGTH. SHE SUGGESTS HORLICK'S EVERY NIGHT. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
AND SO . . .
THERE— THAT WILL MAKE A BIG STRONG MAN OF YOU, DEAR
10 WEEKS LATER
LOOK, GERALD SCORED AGAIN!
BY JOVE, I'M GLAD MADGE PUT HIM ON HORLICK'S
GOOD OLD GERALD!

## IS YOUR CHILD LIKE THIS?

DOES *your* child get listless and quickly tired, like Gerald? If so, ten to one it's a sign that he is outgrowing his strength. Growing is a tremendous tax on your child's strength. Children need extra nourishment, for *growing* and *playing* — more nourishment, for their size, than grown-ups.

Horlick's given regularly for supper, breakfast and mid-morning provides all the vital elements for growth and *extra* energy. That is why children taking Horlick's get so strong and healthy. And how they love the flavour! It is economical, too — the milk is in Horlick's, add water only. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-

**HORLICK'S** BUILDS SOLID FOUNDATIONS TO CHILDREN'S HEALTH

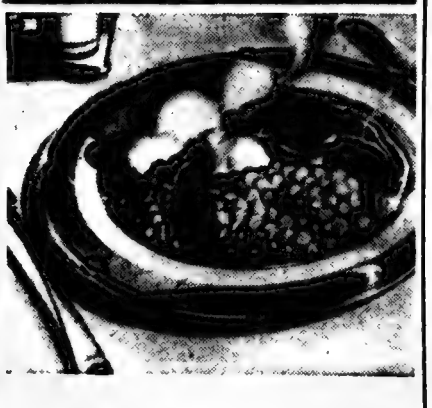
**A Full-size Easy Chair**
**that adjusts itself! For 10/- down.**
Don't overlook the Berkeley Chair offer on page 33. The Superlax Model illustrated can be obtained for monthly payments of only 10/-.
**SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE.**
Fill in the Coupon for free illustrated Catalogue, patterns, coverings, etc.

● If there was ever a boy who enjoyed the great big game of life, it's young Bob. He's up and into everything with a zest and interest which spring from sheer high spirits and health. And how he eats — a real rugged lad's appetite that must be satisfied. That's why, like his mother, he's all for Shredded Wheat. The healthy nourishment that is crammed into its crisp, golden shreds supplies the energy-fuel he needs and must have every day. If you've a young lad, too, give him the sustenance of pure whole wheat in its finest form — give him Shredded Wheat — the food that builds up health, strength and stamina.

**SHREDDED WHEAT**
*Everybody's Everyday Health Food*

MADE BY THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS. *Photo*

THERE ARE REASONS
why you should ask for...
Batchelor's Peas



THINK of serving fresh green peas at any time of the year! Batchelor's Peas are English grown and English canned, with the delicious flavour of home-cooked green peas — but they come to you already cooked. Only the choicest peas are used, and the fact that they are prepared by Batchelor's is your guarantee of a better, more nourishing and more appetising meal. Batchelor's English Grown Canned Peas are equally delicious when served cold with the salad or hot as a vegetable course. For supper they are ideal.

SOLD BY GOOD FRUITERERS AND GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Batchelor's Peas
ENGLISH GROWN AND CANNED

## HUMAN DOCUMENTS probed by PHILIP INMAN

# CRYING for the MOON!

THERE can be no post-bag so varied as that which reaches me as "Humanist" of this paper. Every week I receive hundreds of letters, and they touch life in every conceivable way. There are applications for employment, legal and medical queries, the question of careers for boys and girls, religious matters, love troubles, domestic quarrels . . . every kind of problem imaginable is touched upon.

But here is a letter which is certainly out of the ordinary. It comes from a man who appears to have everything that makes life worth living, and yet is not satisfied.

"I am forty-two years of age," he writes, "happily married, with a good, careful and thrifty wife, and one son thirteen years old. I have a good job as an engineer at £300 a year in a municipal post, a house of my own and a small bank account. I also run a little car. We all have good health and I have no worries at all.

"'Why,' you will say, 'what more do you want? You have everything to make you happy.' Well, that's it. I have everything to make me happy, but I am not really happy. I don't mean that I am miserable; oh, dear, no! But I am certainly not as happy as I was a few years ago.

"I have imagined you might say, 'Get out and help others, you are too self-centred.' But while I am not a member of any church or social club, I do in several little ways help others—lame dogs, as it were, over stiles.

"Now, Mr. Inman, what is the reason for this feeling of mine? Is it on account of 'being over forty'—that terrible age we read so much about—or is it a touch of neurasthenia?

"I think if I were answering a letter like this I should say, 'This chap wants a good hiding or a good holiday.' No, I have just had a really good holiday, but I seem to have lost some of my zest of life. Of course, I see a lot of unemployment and poverty in this area. My wife says that I let it affect me too much.

"I should like to hear what you *really* think of this, even to me, strange letter, but I assure you I am very sincere."

My correspondent really answers his own question. "This chap," he says, "wants a good hiding or a good holiday." Well, he has had a holiday. . . .

He has probably heard of the expression "crying for the moon." I wonder if he knows how it originated. A little boy had everything that love could give and money provide. His nursery was stacked with toys of every description. His parents were always searching for something new that would interest and amuse him. But at last they reached the end of their tether. Then the child, seeing the moon for the first time, started to cry for it.

My correspondent is like that spoilt child. He has been blessed with most of the good things of life. He has a good wife, good health, a good job, a good home. He has a car, a house of his own, and a bank balance. But, with all these things, he isn't happy.

NOW, let us get this clear. Happiness can't be bought over the counter like half a pound of tea It is one of the few things in life that are obtained "without money and without price." It is a state of the mind, the heart, the soul. And it comes in a number of ways.

My correspondent has indicated one of them. There is no joy to compare with that of helping other folk. One of the happiest men I know is a parson who could have had a church "'midst the glories of Devon," but who from choice slaves in the slums of Birmingham.

And one of the happiest women I know is a maternity nurse who has sufficient money to live a life of leisure, but who prefers to spend her days, and many of her nights, in the homes of the poor.

Does this man ever take a lonely soul for a ride in his car? Does he ever invite poor children to share the comforts of his home? Does he go out of his way to give a helping hand to those who are not so fortunate as he is? These are some of the gateways on the road to happiness.

*"Now we are going to take these little children to the shops and buy them some wonderful things"—one way to happiness which many folk might take*

There is one further question I would put to him. Has he any incentive in life? It may be that he has reached his goal and he feels there is nothing left to strive for.

That is fatal to a man of his age. He must find some work, some interest, some hobby that will bring back the zest to his life. Robert Louis Stevenson said, "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive." A journey can be very dreary unless there is something to occupy the mind en route.

Let this man get rid of the idea that his condition is due to "being over forty." I am exactly his age, and I am as happy as a sandboy.

And here is another correspondent, a girl, who is not finding life all that she would like. She says:

"I am at present employed, but I am by no means happy in my work. The place is so huge that all individuality is killed. We move like machines, seeing who can produce most. In order to make a change I have started to learn shorthand, but it will be a long time before I can reach any kind of proficiency. I am keenly interested in theatres and wireless—anything from farce to glorious Shakespearean tragedy, from grand opera to the lightest musical comedy, holds me evening after evening.

Wireless plays and gramophone records have just the same effect upon me, and I am wondering if there is anything I can train myself to do that would enable me to earn my living amongst those things that I love so much. If I were interested, I should not mind how hard I worked or how many hours I put in. I am twenty-three years old, and my ambition is to earn enough to make me independent."

I am anxious to understand this girl's point of view. It is not easy to do so from her letter. She is "fed-up" with her present job. But what does she suggest should be substituted [illegible] its place? Why, listening to the radio and the gramophone and going to the theatre "evening after evening"! It is a little baffling to know how she reconciles this with her ambition to become independent.

Real life does not consist [illegible] listening, but of doing. The onlooker may see most of the game, but there's no money in that. Recreation has its place, it is true, but it must be kept *in its place*.

Now, I take it that this girl has to work for her living. But she has musical ambitions, let her take up music seriously in her spare time. If she aspires to go on the stage, let her join a good amateur dramatic society. Simply to visit the theatre or listen to the wireless will get her nowhere.

She tells me that she has started to learn shorthand. Well, that is well worth doing, especially if she adds typewriting and bookkeeping. When she is proficient she may obtain a post as secretary to a man or a firm specialising in the subjects near to her heart.

At the age of twenty-three this girl has her life in front of her. Let her make up her mind what she intends to do with it, and then go all out to achieve it.

And I want to speak quite frankly to my next correspondent. He is a young man of twenty-two, who tells me:

"I have always had a desire to roam and long to be a wanderer over the globe. But my family raise objections, and even to mention the subject of going abroad causes trouble. It is very unpleasant at home and because there is continual pressure to make me settle down permanently—a thing I've no intention of doing. I have a nature that rebels against dull routine.

"I don't want to cause trouble in the home, but feel I must stand up for my own point of view, though I am constantly reminded that I am unsettling my three younger brothers and should be grateful for my home.

"The truth is that if I were in a position to travel I'd never want to see my home again. This may sound lacking in respect and affection for my parents, but I don't think I ever had any of the usual affection supposed to exist between parents and children.

"Blessed with a sound physique and good education, I believe in the creed of the 'survival of the fittest.' So, although I am in a temporary job which occupies my mind for the time being, I shall never settle down to it."

Now, nobody can quarrel with this young man's desire to see the world. Travel broadens the mind and is one of the finest of all educations. And nobody can object to his adventurous spirit. It was that which made Amy Mollison, Malcolm Campbell and all the pioneers.

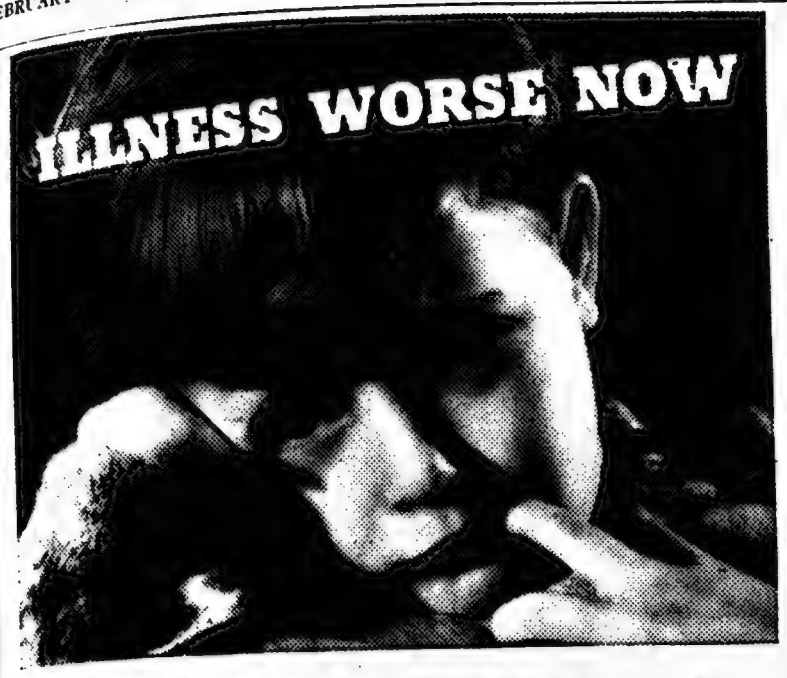
BUT, though my correspondent's ambition can be appreciated, it is difficult to understand his attitude to his home and parents. He says he has no affection for them. Well, he might at least have some gratitude. Does he owe them nothing for that "sound physique" and "good education"? If he is devoid of all kindly feelings towards them he should at any rate have the decency to keep his mouth shut before his younger brothers and not seek to unsettle them as well.

He has asked for my opinion. Well, here it is. Save up and see the world, by all means, young man. If travel does nothing else for you, it will do this: It will teach you that the "survival of the fittest" is the law of the jungle, not of decent living folk.

You say: "If I were in a position to travel, I'd never want to see my home again." Take my word for it—you'll soon change your mind on that point.

* * *

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.




## "Cold after cold—until doctor warned me to protect this *weak spot*"

THIS little boy's mother had never realised that children between 6 months and 13 years have one Weak Spot. Then doctor said, "Strengthen this Weak Spot and your child will be safe from coughs, colds and influenza all through the danger months."

**Warning about Schoolchildren**

A growing child is actually more likely to "catch things" than a new-born baby. Babies have mother's blood inside them. But schoolchildren have only their own weak blood. That is why your child needs special help.

Illness germs enter your child's body through the tissues of the throat and lungs. This is the *Weak Spot*.

**How to keep your child well**

The surest way to strengthen this Weak Spot is to give Scotts Brand Emulsion—one teaspoonful builds up 3 times more germ-resisting power than one teaspoonful of ordinary malt and oil.

Besides this, Scotts Brand Emulsion has all the nourishing fats so it builds bone, muscle and flesh. Start your child on this sure body-builder to-day. Give it especially *during*, and *after*, colds for quick recovery

# Scotts Brand Emulsion

*GOOD NEWS for PARENTS too—*

***How to get rid of your own coughs and colds***

The quickest way for grown-up people to shake off a cold, or get rid of a hacking cough, is to take a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion *every day*. Because Scotts Brand Emulsion builds up your resistance. You will feel fit in a few days. Take Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly and keep free from coughs and colds all through these damp, treacherous months.

SCOTT & BOWNE LTD., LONDON, E.C.4


You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

*The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 43.*


# LIVER and BACON

is nicer with

# MUSTARD

— Colman's Mustard



# THE SECRET of HOME COMFORT is in the Berkeley SUPERLAX

*— the chair that fits in with every mood*

There's no comfort like your own fireside and a Berkeley Superlax. Modern in design it is constructed with all the skill for which the Berkeley factories have long been world-famous. Therefore it is built to *last*. Its handsome appearance and glorious comfort will endure. At its astoundingly low price, it offers the world's greatest value — it gives satisfaction for a lifetime. The Berkeley Superlax is designed to suit everyone—tall or short. With its patent automatic action you can have exactly the position you want — upright, reclining or lounging — without getting out of the chair.

PERFECTLY SPRUNG SEAT AND HAIR STUFFED.

BACK ALSO SPRUNG AND DEEPLY UPHOLSTERED.

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"There's not a dog in our road with a better coat than me. And my beauty secret is—Spratt's Bonio." Shaped like the bones a dog likes best—full of the very elements needed for health and fitness. If your pal is a little biscuit shy, try him on Spratt's Bonio—the appearance will tempt him and as for the taste, well! See him sit up and ask for more! Buy in sealed 6d., 1/- and 2/- cartons—

# SPRATT'S BONIO

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*The meaty bone-shaped biscuit*

EVERYBODY'S DOG. The greatest dog book ever compiled on dog owning, rearing and management. Containing 80,000 words, 126 pages in rich gravure and 250 illustrations. 1/- from newsagents or at the same price free of postage (for one month) from Spratt's Patent Ltd., 58, Mark Lane, E.C.3.

"The effect was MIRACULOUS!"

Haunted by COUGH

Saved by FAMEL SYRUP

Brand

Let Mr. J. S. F. . . . ., of Uxbridge, tell in his own words of the hideous misery of his cough-haunted nights—and of how Famel Syrup "laid the ghost."

"*I cannot speak* too highly *of Famel Syrup as a permanent remedy for chronic Bronchitis,* rapid in action, *pleasant to take and* one *bottle did for me what three months of other medicines failed to do. The action on* me *was miraculous. I had been propped upright for* 3 *months, dozing from exhaustion by day and night for a matter of only minutes at a time, to awake choked by phlegm. On the* 3*rd and* 4*th night, I was able to recline at an angle of* 30 *degrees and* sleep *for periods of* 2 *and* 3 *hours' duration throughout an* 11 *hour night. At end of a week's treatment I had so little cough and phlegm I was able to lie down and sleep in* peace. *Only poor devils like me know the blessing of sleep and rest after the torture!*"

HOW FAMEL SYRUP WILL HELP YOU

That is only one case of chronic painful coughing permanently ended by Famel Syrup. Every day and every week in thousands of different homes Famel Syrup is doing just such healing work in cases of bronchitis, stubborn coughs and colds, nasal catarrh and often even asthma. For Famel Syrup sets about a cough in a new way. The powerful Soluble Lacto Creosote in it is actually carried by the bloodstream to the centre of the infection, attacking and eliminating once for all the bacteria of coughs and colds. Instead of merely deadening the symptoms and bring momentary relief, Famel Syrup removes the *causes* of your cough. Isn't *that* worth doing—and isn't Famel Syrup well worth trying?

IT GETS TO THE ROOT OF YOUR COUGH

FAMEL

[1/6 2/3 (triple quantity) Sold by all Chemists] Brand SYRUP

Distributors: Wilcox Jessan & Co. Ltd., 18, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2.


# PING PONG'S BIG *Ping!*

PING PONG, once the most despised of sports, is going to fill Britain's largest hall on Saturday with the biggest audience that has ever witnessed an indoor game.

Seeing the frenzied excitement that is bound to result, you would never imagine that it started as a sixpenny game for the dining-room table, a contemporary of Ludo.

Twelve thousand people, half of them brought by special excursions from all over the kingdom, and so many of the others foreigners that fifty interpreters have been engaged, will sit in the darkness of the Empire Pool Arena at Wembley to see the world championship decided.

Before them will be a table lit by lighting sufficient for the stage of a London theatre, a table nine-feet-five in size and so dwarfed in so vast a building that to thousands on the back rows it will appear no bigger than a postage stamp.

No fewer than 108 foreign newspaper correspondents will be among those who will watch that bright-lit oblong, describing in costly cables everything that happens for the benefit of ping pong's millions of devotees.

To such a degree of world popularity has ping pong—the Cinderella of games and now spoken of under the more sedate title of table tennis—attained!

The hopes of the nineteen nations that have sent teams for this Davis Cup tournament of the game, of which this event will be the final, will depend on the tiny white ball weighing only one-thirteenth of an ounce, less than a hen's feather, and costing but a few pence, which will flash backwards and forwards over that table at incredible speed.

You will wonder what miracle has transformed this once derided game—"Go and play ping pong!" a member of Parliament once shouted at Gladstone contemptuously—into a game with its own world championship, attended by teams from all over the world, some of whom come a month in advance to acclimatise themselves to conditions here! Well, the twelve thousand people lucky enough to get seats will see.

THE champions they will watch will not press their bodies against the tables, as our forefathers did when they played the game. They will stand back twenty feet from the table, racing backwards and forwards over a bigger playing space than that of the real tennis centre court at Wimbledon!

The tiny ball will travel between the two players in less than two-fifths of a second—one-fifth of a second in the case of a real smash—sometimes reaching a speed of 35 miles an hour. And players will have to keep it under perfect control with a racket smaller than the racket or bat used in any other game.

You would probably be lucky if you could hit the right half of the table with so small and lively a ball, even from the softest serve, and no matter what happened to the ball afterwards.

*World champion of the world's fastest game. Viktor Barna in action*

These international champions will take the deadly services of their rivals and hit whatever square inch of the table they like, making the ball travel high or low or sideways from the moment of impact as they choose.

No wonder the mad rushes of the players to reach the ball are often described as more thrilling than any Rugby run. No wonder a man's reflexes have become too slow for first-class play after twenty-six, and that people are already beginning to ask about the world champion, Viktor Barna, of Hungary, who is twenty-three: "How much longer is the *veteran* going to last?"

Four times champion of the world, and leader of a team that has seven times won the world championship as a team, Viktor himself could not expect many more years of such success even in his most optimistic moments, although he still towers head and shoulders over every other player.

Think of the miracles of timing which the eyes of these champions will have to perform. Timing has to be three times as fast as in boxing, five times as fast as in cricket, and seven times as fast as in lawn tennis.

Only the nerves of a very young and very fit man could carry the messages to the brain in time. Only the fittest brain could respond quickly enough. And any but the fleetest of limbs would fail to respond.

No wonder the "soft" game of ping pong has become the world's fastest and most exhausting game of table tennis.

Britain has had only one world champion. That was F. J. Perry, now the world's lawn tennis wizard, who won in 1928. Perry may still have much of his career before him as a lawn tennis player, but he is undoubtedly too old to "come back" as world's ping pong champion. That shows to what an extent it is a young man's game.

But the fact that there have been few British players of anything approaching championship form, that Barna recently polished off six of our best in six successive games, does not mean that it is not a game suited to the British temperament. It is, in fact, a British game. What has happened is that we have been caught napping at it.

We played it for years, as ping pong, when other countries hadn't heard of it. Then the idea grew that it was a game for "softies," and we almost forgot about it. What we didn't realise was that other countries took it up where we left off.

And so, in 1926, when Germany told us she had invited one or two foreign table tennis teams to travel to Berlin for a game, and asked whether we would like to join in, seeing that we were the pioneers, we readily agreed to do so.

We actually made all the necessary transport arrangements to bring back the trophies, so certain were we of success.

But what happened was—well, saddening, to say the least. Our players hardly saw the ball. It wasn't defeat. It was a rout. The Hungarians in particular stood still and let our men run themselves out.

A NEW technique had grown round the game since we had played it and forgotten it. That technique had given it such thrills and high-lights that it was already the most popular of all games in most Central European countries. Crowds of 7,000 were no uncommon, leading players were national idols, and in Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and other countries employers were always willing to give a month's holiday to any workman chosen to represent his country, to enable him to go through the strenuous training necessary.

Our players did not come back to forget all about the game again. They came back to put Britain on the table tennis map, and the enthusiasm that will be seen at Wembley on Saturday will show to what an extent they have succeeded.

Already we have ninety-two table tennis leagues in this country, comprising two thousand first-class clubs that play either a home or an away match every week. The fact that no fewer than 40,000 men and women are playing in league matches must mean that the total number of players must have reached hundreds of thousands.

We may not have anyone approaching a Barna. That Hungarian working youth, who looks in play like a ballet dancer in flannel trousers, whose strokes are so brilliant that sketches are always made of them for transmission to fifty different countries all over the world as a guidance to budding champions, and who has just carried out a tour of 72,000 miles, including America, to dazzle hundreds of thousands with his brilliant exhibition play, has never been approached by anybody.

IN a moment when it seems that there is no stroke that will get him out of a difficulty, he will invent a new one—in two-fifths of a second!—and one which table tennis players everywhere will soon be trying.

No, we have no wizards like him. Yet if he can last out as champion to the advanced age of twenty-seven or twenty-eight, the next champion might be British.

The British selectors have scoured the country for talent and found some brilliant youngsters in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Sunderland and Exeter—boys round the fourteen and fifteen mark—who are going to do great things in four or five years' time.

In that way we can make amends to table tennis for our shabby treatment of a good British game when it was known by the name of ping pong!

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"They could hear the regular HEAT of the engine."

DAILY SKETCH:—"... to be presented on the accession of their husbands to their TILES."

CAMBERWELL AND PECKHAM TIMES:—"A dog team may cover as much as fifty miles in a DOG."

ILFORD RECORDER:—"As a landing stage for tram passengers and a REFUSE for pedestrians generally."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"... lowering the lights in the auditorium during the performance of the SYMPATHY."

EVENING POST:—"He was working at a potato PIE in one of his employer's fields."

"Constipation is his trouble, or I'm much mistaken.

A healthy boy should be full of fun, skylarking with the others; but when I see a child moping alone I know that what is wanted is 'California Syrup of Figs' to put the stomach right and cleanse the system.

Give children a weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' and you'll never have this trouble with them. It keeps them regular and healthy, and then they're bound to be happy.

Safe? You're wise to ask that. Some mothers are too ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations, not realising the danger. Take my advice and give the children 'California Syrup of Figs.' Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children. We Nurses swear by it.

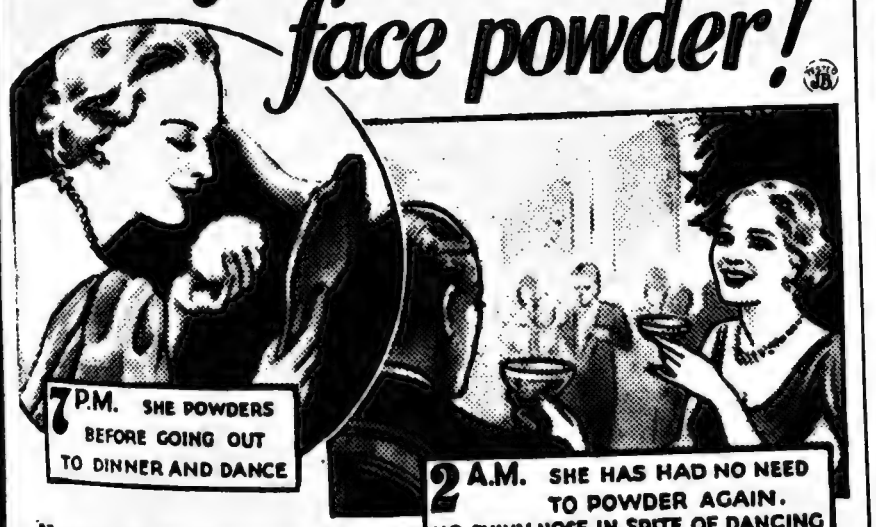
Send to the chemist and get a bottle. Give Bobby a dose tonight and he'll be as fit as a fiddle in the morning. Wait till you taste 'California Syrup of Figs,' Bobby. It's simply delicious.

There are two sizes—1/3 and 2/6. The larger bottle is the cheaper in the long run, but be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand."

"California Syrup of Figs"
BRAND
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Just a minute, please!
That's all it will take of your time to read one or two of "The Small Advts. Worth Watching" on page 16. You're bound to find something of interest or value there.

# The 7-hour face powder!


7 P.M. SHE POWDERS BEFORE GOING OUT TO DINNER AND DANCE
2 A.M. SHE HAS HAD NO NEED TO POWDER AGAIN. NO SHINY NOSE IN SPITE OF DANCING ALL EVENING IN A HOT ROOM.

No need to keep powdering over and over again to avoid shiny nose and greasy looking skin. Now a new discovery enables you to powder once and be absolutely certain of a fresh, smooth 'dull-finish' complexion for seven hours. This marvellous ingredient is called Mousse of Cream, now blended by a patent process in Poudre Tokalon. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon stay on five times as long as ordinary powders. No trace of ugly shine in the hottest weather, after the most strenuous game of tennis, or all through a long evening's dancing. Poudre Tokalon gives a fresh, girlish complexion—a fascinating beauty that hardly any man can resist. Try a box to-day and see how different Poudre Tokalon is from all other powders, because it is the only one with the 'Mousse of Cream' secret. 6d. and 1/- a box.

# Have a Capstan!

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D
Plain or Cork Tipped

—you'll like it better

For Pipe Smokers — WILLS'S CAPSTAN NAVY CUT TOBACCO
READY RUBBED
2-OZ. POCKET AIRTIGHT TIN 2/2
Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. CC464C

# After 2 Years' Baldness

*Now This Thick New Growth*

*"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."*

H. A. WILD.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

IF Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, PERCY STREET (53.BD), LONDON, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....
ADDRESS.....
.....

**A regular beggar for his Bob Martin's**

*"My dog was thoroughly out of condition, became listless and was incessantly scratching," writes Mr. J. P. of Padiham. "I conditioned her regularly with Bob Martin's and very soon she was in tip-top form."*

DON'T let your dog suffer from your neglect; it is so easy to keep him healthy and happy by conditioning him with Bob Martin's. These famous Powders purify the blood, preventing all blood disorders such as listlessness, eczema and loose coat. Begin now to condition *your* dog correctly – give him a Bob Martin's Condition Powder at morning, noon and night every Saturday and Sunday. Soon his eyes will be clear and bright, and his coat will gleam with the lovely natural 'bloom' which comes from perfect condition.

**BOB MARTIN'S** TASTELESS **CONDITION POWDERS**

— 9 *powders 6d.*; 21 *powders 1/-* —

**MORE TO YOUR LIKING —*with A.G's***

More and better smokes—money saved and extra pleasure gained. That's what using A.G. cigarette papers means.

A.G's are made for slower burning, your cigarettes won't fizzle away, but last much longer. And with these *super-thin*, pure papers you get all the real flavour of your tobacco.

Insist on A.G's—you'll be glad you did. They cost no more.

Start now! *A.G's fit all machines and give best results.*

**AG** *The better paper for better cigarettes.*

**Colds Cured Overnight**

Here's an amazingly quick and effective way of banishing head-colds. Just sprinkle a few drops of 'Pineate' brand *heavy vapour* Inhalant on your pillow at night, and by morning all congestion and stuffiness have gone. Nose and eyes cease to run; breathing is eased. Get a 1/- bottle NOW—'Pineate' Inhalant cures colds and prevents infection.


# The SCANDAL at Scotland Yard

*In the Criminal Record Office at Scotland Yard— "crowded out in a manner which seriously hampers efficiency"*

AT last, after years of regrettable delay, something of a commendable character is going to be done to remedy the chaotic conditions in which men of all ranks of the Metropolitan Police Force work and live.

Few people can possibly have any knowledge of the really appalling circumstances which exist in some cases. They are so bad that they can be condemned as unworthy of a great city, and have remained unaltered despite the fact that they have formed the subject of repeated committees of enquiry, constant questions in Parliament, and trenchant criticism in these columns.

The scandal dates back to the Victorian era. Fifty years ago critics began to believe that their fight for reform was to be rewarded. The Government then in power appointed a commission of enquiry, called the "Sanitary Committee," under the chairmanship of Sir William Harcourt, to look into matters.

Sir William's report, which eventually emerged, made gloomy reading even in those days, but time soon proved that the commission's labours were not going to help in the least.

With the increase of crime, and the growth of the Metropolitan Police Force, the position by 1920 had developed to such an incredible extent that Parliamentary interest was again aroused. Another commission, presided over by Lord Onslow, was set up, and in due course reported critically on the situation.

Though some of the recommendations it made have since been adopted, quite 50 per cent. of the adequate and practical programme it put forward remains unfulfilled.

## *Cramping them*

Let us take an intimate peep behind the scenes of Scotland Yard itself to-day. One finds the most highly placed officers —the greatest detectives in the country— appallingly handicapped for lack of space. Even "chiefs" there often have to look round for an odd room, or an odd chair in a passage-way or alcove, to interview a witness or a caller.

Chief Inspectors, and "Crime Chiefs," too, are all in the same boat—sitting at desks which are literally "on top of one another." Their great efficiency is badly impaired under such conditions, and this cannot be wondered at when we say that men who are directing investigations into the biggest and most urgent crimes often retire into some spare and uncomfortable corner to escape from the general turmoil to study their "cases" quietly.

The "Yard" was originally built to house about one hundred and fifty men, all told. Four times that number are herded in the same building to-day!

Essential and scientific departments have, throughout the years, sprung up and grown—yet the building itself has remained practically the same as it was at the time of its erection forty odd years ago.

Half a million files relating to rogues of all types; a similar number of photographs and "description histories"; bulky volumes and official scrap-books containing the records and criminal details of tens of thousands of "classified" law-breakers; vast files and dossiers relating to complaints and enquiries about people who have so far not broken the law sufficiently to be proceeded against—all have to be found room for, in this rapid development of crime detection, at the expense of the men who struggle to cope with the growing work which is nowadays entailed.

The Criminal Record Office at Scotland Yard is "crowded out" to-day; and while the scope of the building remains where it was at its inception all kinds of excellent new departments have been opened up. The "Pay" section wants more room; the "Printing" branch needs expansion; the "Ideas" Bureau—departments which separately deal with wireless, traffic, promotions, and so on, are all hemmed in in a manner which seriously hampers efficiency.

## *Stable offices!*

Even the famous "Bridge," which has for years been used as the only means of communication between two adjacent parts of the main building, has latterly been turned into temporary "offices," and officers now work there, because there is nowhere else for them, on matters of the most confidential character!

Corridors, too, are likewise resorted to, while only a little while ago some near-by stables were acquired and transformed into offices urgently required.

And, if that is a brief picture of what is happening to-day at Scotland Yard itself, what of the one hundred and eighty police stations scattered over the Metropolis which it administers? Two-thirds of these are antiquated beyond belief, and were built originally to house a few shelves and tables and only a small complement of officers.

Until recently, in one leading West End station, fifteen men had to work in a room which was constructed for three! The second officer in charge was compelled to do his work in a small room, about seven feet by six, which was lit at nights by means of an old-fashioned gas-jet!

At another the Chief of Staff has his headquarters in an adjacent shop, while his uniformed and private-clothes men have to climb creaking and rickety stairs to insanitary rooms which have been partitioned off more than once in order to provide a little essential secrecy.

Cells, in fact, are commonly used in some police stations as offices, and officers often compile their reports for the Commissioner, Lord Trenchard, and the Public Prosecutor on the sleeping benches which were provided for the temporary reception of arrested crooks, drunkards, and others who fall foul of the law.

But perhaps the worst aspect of all concerns the sleeping quarters allotted to both married and single men of the Metropolitan Police Force.

Between four and five thousand single men, after a long day on their "beat" or prolonged detective enquiries, under the present order of things have to sleep at night in what are known as "Police Section Houses." When Lord Trenchard made a recent tour of inspection of some of these buildings he confessed himself amazed at the unwholesome conditions.

They consist, mainly, of small, dingy cubicles which are a disgrace to the Force. They are so tiny that men have no real room to fold their clothes properly. Often they have no windows; the stone floors are bare, and no cooking utensils are provided.

There is an absence of proper ventilation, and the only light which gets into them is generally provided by ceiling-lamps hanging in the outside corridors.

It is impossible for single members of the Force—*who are compelled to live in them*—to read or study in these dens in their leisure hours, and the only food available in most of the places is a sandwich or liquid refreshment in a basement canteen.

The sanitary arrangements are very bad in most of these single "homes," and men have to crowd together at inadequate ablution benches to get a wash. In the "Service" they are nicknamed "official slums."

Many men have complained of illnesses developing in such surroundings, and there are numerous cases on record of officers who rent rooms at local hotels in order to be able to study until it is time to go to bed!

## *Others please note*

Married quarters are a little better, but, as Lord Trenchard himself admits, these need drastic extension and overhauling.

Now a change is to come. During the next decade London is to have sixty or seventy new and modern police stations and many section houses. Provision is going to be made, at the cost of something like four millions of money, for men of the Metropolitan Police to be able to work and live in proper surroundings. It is certainly about time!

Provincial police forces, too, must study this question. In many cases the same sort of thing applies.

The Newcastle-on-Tyne Police Force now has one of the finest and most modern stations in this country, with revolving entrance-doors and commodious offices in which work can be carried out as it should be carried out.

And although Lord Trenchard is to be congratulated for urging the Home Office to bring about this much needed reform, all the praise must not go his way. Many of his predecessors, at the instance of some of the permanent staff at Scotland Yard, have hammered away at this growing scandal for years, and credit in a large and generous measure is due to them for the part they played, in more difficult times than to-day, in sweeping it away.

## THE LAST WORD

In the centre pages, you will find full details of a gigantic new Gift Presentation to every reader, a gift that will stir and thrill you. The very last word in mystery, adventure, crime, detection, and the supernatural. Use the application forms on the centre pages at once.

# BRONCHITIS

Read the plain, straightforward Musterole guarantee:

**Ease in five minutes, and usually complete relief in five hours.**

For bronchitis or colds or sore throats or chest colds, there's nothing in the wide world to equal Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is clean, stainless, and on the very first application you feel its "deep healing" warmth doing you good, easing the pain, loosening the congestion. It never fails. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6d., but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you can use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE *If after first few applications you are not completely satisfied, return what is left to Thos. Christy & Co., Ltd., 4 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4, and your money will be refunded.*

A Tottenham N. user says:
*"I suffer at times from Bronchitis, in fact the least little cold flies to my chest. I also get rather a nasty stabbing pain in my chest. I find your Musterole Brand Ointment the best thing I have ever used, and I would not be without a jar of it in the house."*

*At all Chemists* (JB)

MUSTEROLE BRAND Mustard Ointment

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives certain relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.



*Unmistakable warning to motorists!*

THE ELECTRIC

# REAR LIGHT

THAT MAKES CYCLING SAFE

Untold accidents to cyclists are being averted by this wonderful little Ever Ready rear light which pierces the darkness *behind* the cyclist and shines out a warning, *unmistakable and imperative*, to all oncoming traffic. This veritable protector of cyclists' lives

**costs very little!**

You can buy it for only eighteenpence, complete with battery providing 35 hours of bright, steady light. The facet bull's eye distributes the warning glow widely; and the lamp is completely waterproof. Get one *now* at your nearest cycle shop.

EVER READY

REGD. TRADE MARK

**1/6 COMPLETE**

Refills 3½D.

**ELECTRIC REAR LIGHT**

THE EVER READY CO. (Gt. Britain) LTD., HERCULES PLACE, HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

# FOG tries the THROAT

When choking fog clogs and rasps the tender lining of your throat it lays it open to infection.

Clear it and refresh it with an 'Allenburys' Pastille. There is no simpler or pleasanter way of clearing away throat harshness.

Made from purest soothing glycerine and the delicious juice of carefully chosen ripe blackcurrants, they are both delicious and effective.

Try a tin today—and carry one on foggy and murky days.

*Take care of your throat—take* (JB)

**Allenburys** Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

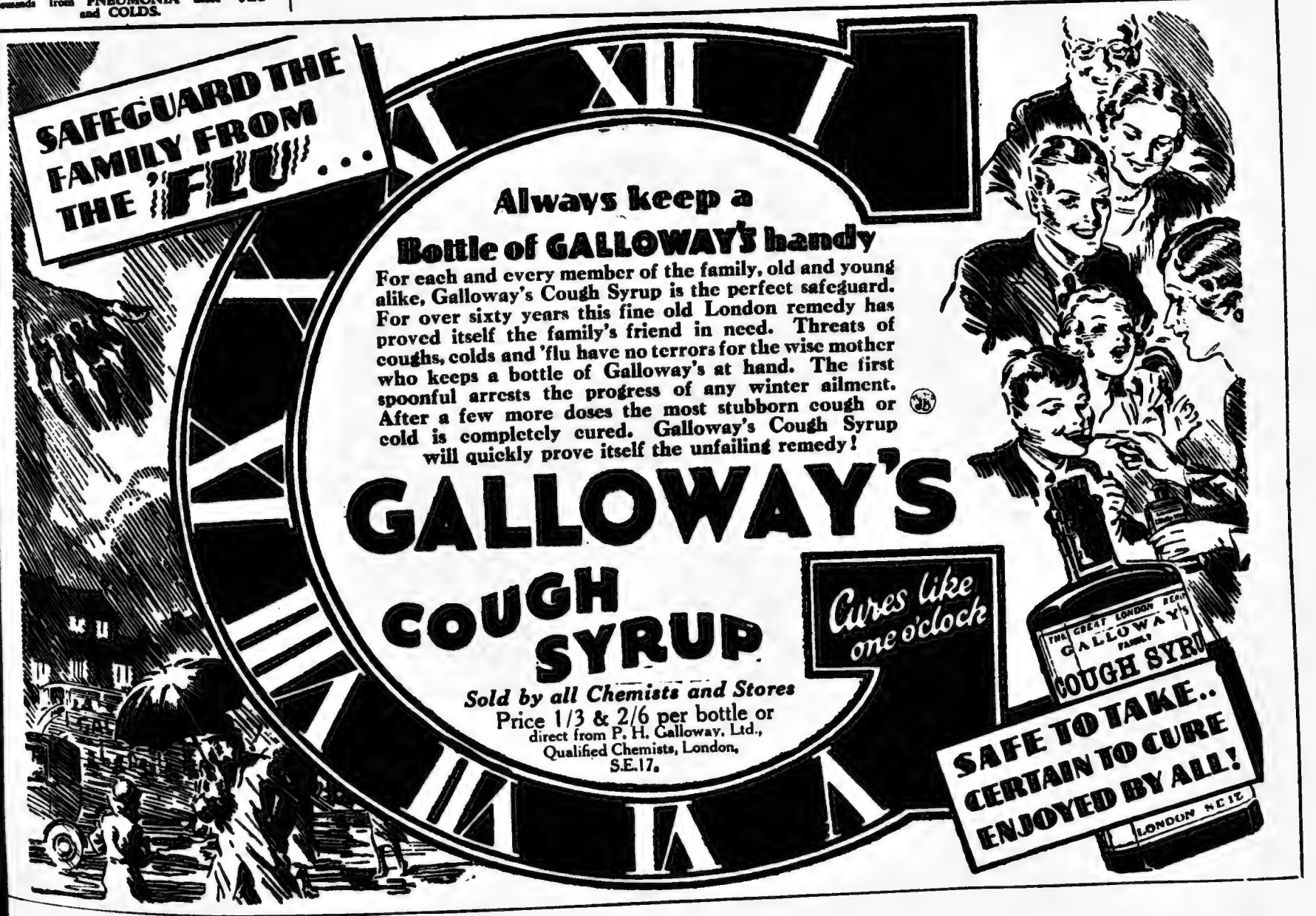
*From all chemists in 2 oz. & 4 oz. tins 8d. & 1/3*



## GETTING BELOW PAR

IN a run-down condition, headaches, irritability and insomnia make work and play irksome; depression makes life a burden. These conditions can be checked before it is too late by taking a course of SANATOGEN—the tonic food which gets to the root of weakness. It provides the debilitated cells of the nerves and blood with phosphorous and proteid, and builds new health and strength. SANATOGEN is a food and not a drug.




SAFEGUARD THE FAMILY FROM THE 'FLU...
Always keep a
Bottle of GALLOWAY'S handy
For each and every member of the family, old and young alike, Galloway's Cough Syrup is the perfect safeguard. For over sixty years this fine old London remedy has proved itself the family's friend in need. Threats of coughs, colds and 'flu have no terrors for the wise mother who keeps a bottle of Galloway's at hand. The first spoonful arrests the progress of any winter ailment. After a few more doses the most stubborn cough or cold is completely cured. Galloway's Cough Syrup will quickly prove itself the unfailing remedy!
(JB)
GALLOWAY'S
COUGH SYRUP
Cures like one o'clock
Sold by all Chemists and Stores
Price 1/3 & 2/6 per bottle or
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Qualified Chemists, London,
S.E.17.
THE GREAT LONDON REMEDY
GALLOWAY'S FAMILY
COUGH SYRUP
SAFE TO TAKE..
CERTAIN TO CURE
ENJOYED BY ALL!
LONDON S.E.17

"Oh-what a lovely polish!"

MANSION POLISH

A HEALTHY AND POLISHED HOME IN EVERY TIN

In Tins 3d., 6d. and larger sizes

Also LIQUID MANSION in Tins 1/6 each

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No better food for Babies exists in the wide world than NEAVE'S FOOD. It is rich in all the natural ingredients that make body, bone, brain and muscle. NEAVE'S FOOD not only builds a fine baby but ensures that the baby develops into a healthy adult. Many foods merely puff out baby, Neave's makes firm flesh and builds strong constitutions.

*On sale everywhere. Cartons 6d. Tins 1/8, 3/9*

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YOU MUST TRY THE BAKING POWDER which North Country Cooks have praised since 1861.

LINGFORDS BAKING POWDER

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If any difficulty in obtaining write direct.

FREE Write for "The Ideal Home Recipe Book" to Joseph Lingford & Son, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham. Dept. J.B.

Tickling Throats Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

# Now we're in the GLASS AGE!

IF we continue to develop our "glass consciousness" at the same rate as we have done since the war, we shall soon be living in a world of glass.

Every year, as the result of chemists' research, new types of glass suitable for purposes never dreamed of a few years ago are being placed on the market. And every year the public are demanding that more and more of the articles about them in their everyday life should be made of glass.

There are periods in history known as the Stone Age and the Bronze Age. Ours may one of these days be known as the Glass Age. For even buildings are now made of glass. It is used to replace tiles in bathrooms and kitchens and for other purposes in interior decoration.

Our modern love for light makes us lavish with windows in our houses, so more glass is used.

Factories, nowadays, have so much window space that they appear to have practically glass walls. And where, formerly, a fair-sized skylight would have been considered sufficient, roof lighting in a factory or warehouse, now a *whole roof* will be made of glass.

Glass has been woven into material for dresses and hats. Bathing costumes which prevent sunburn have been made from it. Spun into what is known as "glass silk," it is used as packing for insulation purposes in engineering—particularly for the boilers of ships.

The quiet enjoyed in our modern sound-proof buildings is secured by this same glass silk, which is packed between the walls, under the floor and above the ceiling.

Many hospital operating theatres now have the walls and ceilings made of glass, while glass is used in equipment wherever a surface is required which is non-absorbent, quick to clean and easy to sterilise.

Even an undertaking like the building of the Mersey Tunnel meant a big contract to the glass trade, for about 180,000 ft. of black glass was used to line the walls of the tunnel.

COCKTAIL bars and snacks bars have their counters made of glass, and it is used largely in their decoration. In teashops tables with glass tops have completely ousted the old-fashioned "marble top."

In the home it is now the fashion to have table appointments, vases and other ornaments, which used to be made of silver, now made of glass. A sheet of glass to cover the tops of dressing-tables and dining-tables, thus preserving the polished wood from injury, glass shelves in kitchen, bathroom and cupboards, glass finger-plates on doors, and glass "ware" for a hundred and one other purposes are now commonplaces in every home.

What is responsible for this new glass craze which is sweeping the world? Two things—Science and Machinery.

Glass-blowing is one of the oldest crafts known to man. But until the introduction of modern machinery it was still done by hand. Machines for "blowing" have made it possible to multiply the supply of glass goods and at the same time to reduce cost.

This cheaper production of glass by machines, besides giving us many new articles, has created an enormous expansion in the use of simple articles which were already made of it. Take, for example, bottles.

Bottles always have been and probably always will be made of glass. But to-day the number used is many times greater than it was twenty, even ten, years ago. The custom of bottling milk for delivery has alone been responsible for a great increase in their use.

Some idea of the difference which machines have made in the cost of production is revealed by the fact that it would require a very good workman to blow milk bottles by hand at the rate of one a minute. Yet machines turn them out at thirty a minute.

Beauty preparations were once the prerogative of the rich woman. Now they are the everyday necessity of every woman, and the enormous quantities of perfumes, creams, lotions and cosmetics which are sold every year must all be put up in pretty bottles and jars. During the last five years in this class of manufacture the output has increased about five times.

Science has not only taught us the beneficial effects of light, so that we use more glass to let more daylight into our buildings, but it has given us electric light as well. That alone, through the need of globes and shades, has meant a colossal increase in our use of glass. With aeroplanes, too, has come the need for more glass—for directional beacons and landing lights on aerodromes. And the motor-car, with its headlights, windows and windscreens, is also playing its part in bringing about the new Glass Age.

One of the miracles made by modern machinery is glass so fine that it resembles the filminess of a bubble. Its actual thickness is 2/10,000th parts of an inch, and it is used for ultra-violet ray lamps.

THERE is glass so strong that a piece a few feet long will take the weight of a couple of policemen and bend under it. But it will not break.

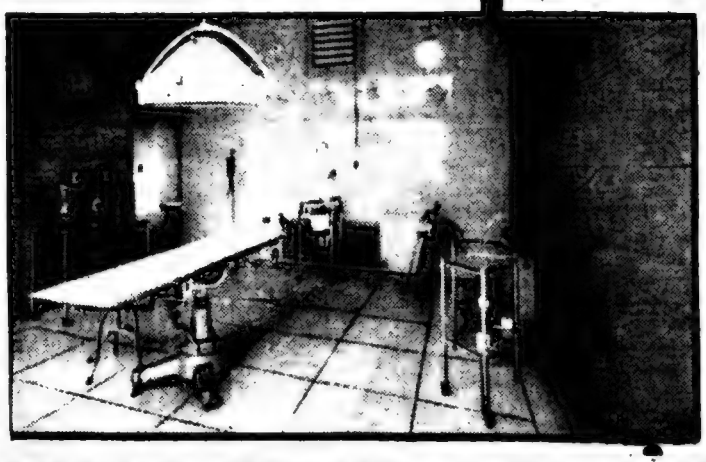
It is made in a curious way. Two very thin sheets of glass are taken and the space between is filled up with powdered glass. The edges are then sealed and you have your sheet of armour plate.

When the outside "sheath" of this strong glass is pierced or broken the sheet of glass does not break in the ordinary way. The "filling" just runs out like fine sand.

Heat-absorbing glass is another wonder. It is made particularly for use in the tropics, because the heat of the sun's rays cannot pass through it.

In England it is used extensively for abattoirs, because it keeps the meat cool. It is also used by the Post Office in the offices where the men do the sorting of the letters, because it gives a light not trying to the eyes.

There is, indeed, no end to the new uses we are finding for glass. The strange thing is that everybody takes all these new wonders for granted. The Glass Age has dawned, but nobody seems to be conscious of it.



*The ancient craft of glass-blowing still goes on, while many hospitals have their operating theatres built of glass!*

## On Taking Opportunities

IN the city of Bath there is a man who was born with a terrible infirmity and for many years it was feared he would never reach manhood's estate.

But in the county of Somerset they learn to make the most of their opportunities. From the granite quarries in the Mendip Hills were obtained the stones with which the majestic Abbey in Bath was built.

And in Glastonbury, Wells, Ilminster, as well as in a hundred picturesque villages, there are romantic monuments to the diligence of Somersetshire men.

In Radstock there are coalmines; and nestling in valleys to be found far from the beaten track are pleasant farmsteads where cider apples grow.

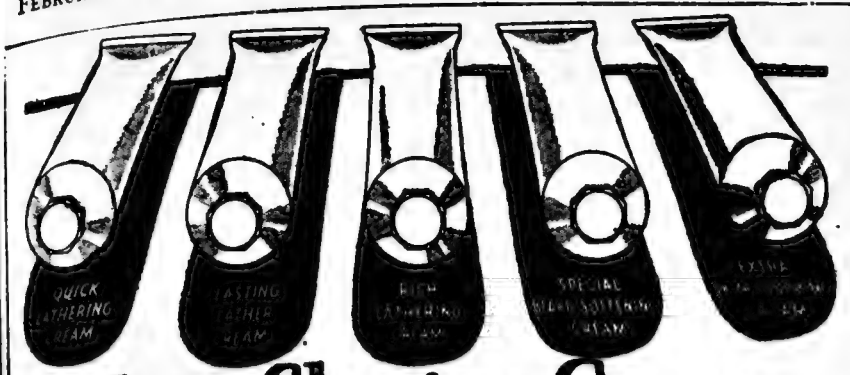
It is characteristic of the folks who live in this corner of England that they leave nothing undone that should be done. The man in Bath exercised his brain and he started physical exercises. He grew stronger, and he took up professional bookkeeping. He is to-day the steward of a large organisation.

He has made use of every opportunity to come his way.

He and his household had gone to bed one evening when a smell of burning came up the stairs: soon after which it was discovered that a fire had broken out in the hall.

A quantity of his furniture and effects were ruined, so he applied for benefit under our free insurance scheme. "I hasten to acknowledge and to thank you for your cheque," he writes. "Your paper will continue to be a permanent institution with us."

Hence you are invited to make the most of *your* opportunities. Turn to page 18 and sign the coupon without further delay.




# Many Shaving Creams can offer *one* good point or another...

## but only PALMOLIVE gives you all five!

Palmolive Shaving Cream lather is both quick and lasting. Its olive oil content makes it specially kind to the skin. It is a *small-bubble lather* able to soften the toughest beard; and as for richness and abundance—it multiplies itself 250 times!

**6D & 1/-**

*Prices do not apply in I.F.S.*

Don't overlook the Bargain Offers in the "John Bull" "Shop Window" on pp. 2 and 3.

## DON'T MASK YOUR SKIN BLEMISHES

Creams may fill up enlarged pores, and powder cover up pimples, spots, eruptions, etc., but nothing can equal the charm of a naturally spotless complexion. Don't put a mask over your blemishes; cleanse the disfigured skin with D.D.D. Brand Prescription, a sure cure for all skin troubles. Apply this soothing liquid and the skin is quickly cleared of blemishes and eruptions, and the old tissues are replaced by the faultless complexion you have always longed to have. Buy a 1/3 bottle of D.D.D. Prescription to-day—of all Chemists.

FREE.—Send a postcard to-day for a liberal free trial bottle. D.D.D. Laboratories, M.N.H., FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

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**Make sure of the best by having THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE Battery-driven self-contained Set—a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise.**

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis. British Valves. Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £8.18.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

8/- NOW

*Mr. G. A. B. of Newbridge, Mon., writes:—"It may interest you to know that within a ½-hour (of receiving the National 3-Valve Set) I had it working splendidly, and we were all amazed at its beautiful tone. It has given every satisfaction as has everything we have had from your firm during the past 18 years."*

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**HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.**
"I am praising your (H. & H.) Herbal Pills every day, and recommending them. They are **worth their weight** in gold to me, and **I cannot praise them too highly.**"—T.9805.

**PSORIASIS.**
"It gives me great pleasure to testify to the **wonderful results** of your (H. & H.) Blood Purifying Herbs. After four months of despair and agony, I decided to try your treatment. As a result, I am now **completely cured.** Please accept my **grateful thanks.**"—J.D.9837.

**RHEUMATISM.**
"I am thankful to say that I am **quite cured, thanks to your splendid (H. & H.) Rheumatism Pills and Ointment.** You can make use of this with pleasure if you wish."—J.L.9863.

**ASTHMA.**
"I am writing to say the (H. & H.) Chest Herbs are **simply wonderful.** They have done my daughter a lot of good, she seems different in every way."—D.9849.

**GALL STONES.**
"I went under X-rays, and was told the only cure was an operation, but I did not like the idea. I started on your (H. & H.) Liver Pills, for which I am very thankful as I am **sure they have cured me.**"—A.B.9842.

**JAUNDICE.**
"I really must write and thank you for the **remarkable benefits** myself and family have derived from your wonderful (H. & H.) Liver Herbs and Slippery Elm Food. Before writing to tell you of the result of your treatment, I have been waiting to prove that the cure was permanent. I am pleased to say there has been no return."—H.9846.

**NEURITIS.**
"I must write and tell you of the **magic wonders** of your (H. & H.) Neural Herbs. They gave me **instant relief.** I have tried all sorts of things, but **the only cure is your wonderful Herbs.**"—M.P.9850.

## FREE

**THE FAMOUS BOOK OF HERBS.**

**Here is a great chance to secure—FREE—the FAMOUS BOOK OF HERBS—the book that has meant NEW HEALTH to hundreds of thousands. Read the wonderful testimonials again. Then send the Coupon for this FREE BOOK. Herbal Treatment will bring you RELIEF from your AILMENTS—for what it has done for others IT CAN DO FOR YOU. Send for this book now—then you will have it by you should the need arise for any of its many Herbal Remedies.**

*The Old Herbalist, 80 years of age, and never an ache or pain.*

**CONTENTS OF BOOK**

Diabetes
Eye Lotion
Fits
Goitre
Hair Tonic
Health
Indigestion
Influenza
Insomnia
Kidney
Liver
Nerve
Neural
Pile
Pot Pourri
Poultice and Embrocation
Rheumatism
Sciatica
Stomach and Liver
Thin People
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**HERBS AND PILLS**
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Anti-Fat
Backache & Kidney
Bath
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Blood Purifying
Chest
Complexion
Constipation
Cordova Tea
Cough

Roots
Seeds
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Chilblain
Discutient
Eczema
Healing
Marshmallow
Mus-Gar
Pile
Psoriasis
Rheumatism
Ringworm
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Bath Crystals (Pot-Pourri)
Beer, Herb
Blood Tonic
Brilliantine, Solidified (Pot-Pourri)
Bush Tea
Cachous
Fragrant Herbs, Mixed
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Berries
Flowers
Gums, Resins, etc.
Herbs, Powdered
Leaves

Hygienic H'kerch'fs
Infants' Mixture
Lemon Juice
Leucorrhœa Mixt're
Lozenges
Pastilles
Perfumes
Peppermint
Pillow, Herb
Pipes
Rimari Tea
Scent (Pot-Pourri)
Selmo Biscuits
Shampoo(Pot Pour.)
Slippery Elm Food
Smelling Salts (Pot Pourri)
Smoking Mixture (Herbal)
Soap (Pot-Pourri)
Soaps (Various)
Tooth Wash
Train and Sea-Sickness Capsules
Vi-Tablets
Whooping Cough Syrup
Worm Chocolates
Worm Powder
Yeastablets

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM

# HEATH AND HEATHER LTD.

ST. ALBANS, HERTS.

POST THIS COUPON TODAY

**To HEATH & HEATHER Ltd., Dept. 46, ST. ALBANS.**

Please send me FREE and without obligation on my part, a copy of "The Famous Book of Herbs."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

*Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.*

**Phensic**
BRAND TABLETS

**Quickest RELIEF FROM COLDS**

"I had a very bad cold at the time I saw the advertisement about Phensic, so I decided to give it a trial," writes Mr. G. Mc L., of Liverpool. "After the first few doses the cold completely vanished. I always have a bottle by me to safeguard myself from further cold or chills."

**Be prepared against INFLUENZA, COLDS, HEADACHES, NERVE PAINS, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, etc., etc.**

3d. is all you need spend to try the quickest, safest pain-killer known to medicine. This wonderful discovery of a famous London Doctor is now obtainable in 3d. and 6d. sizes. Phensic breaks up the worst attacks of Colds and Influenza with certainty and safety. Your head becomes clear, fever disappears almost at once and vitality is restored. Ask for Phensic to-day.

**PHENSIC is now within the reach of everyone!**

**3D, 6D, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-**

*The 3d. Packet contains Two Full Doses (Sold Everywhere)*

**HOT ALKALINE BATHS FOR RHEUMATISM**

**Give Quick, Sure Relief.**

The medical profession know that in severely painful cases of backache, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, etc., good results are invariably produced by hot alkaline baths, such as are found in well-known Continental resorts. It is not necessary to travel abroad to get this relief, which is now obtainable in your own home. To prepare a medicated, alkaline bath which will quickly relieve rheumatic pain, dissolve a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a bath of hot water. The alkaline water thus produced is supercharged with oxygen which enters the pores and carries the essential constituent salts of famous spas deep into the tissues. Relief from the grinding pains of rheumatism quickly follows, and the muscular soreness and stiffness which once made life miserable disappear completely. 'Reudel Bath Saltrates,' sold only in YELLOW packets and sufficient for several baths, can be obtained for 1/6 from any chemist.

**NO COUGH CAN RESIST 'Pineate'**

Economy "The Tiny Dose"

BRAND HONEY SYRUP

1/6 a bottle from your chemist

**FREE! A copy of a *Famous* Herb Book. Fill in the coupon on p. 39**

# Mythical MILLIONS PLOT

## MORAL Behind a "JOHN BULL" WARNING

A FEW weeks ago three men stood in the dock at the Westminster Police Court before Mr. Hay Halkett, the famous Metropolitan magistrate, on charges of fraud and conspiracy.

The magistrate was obviously staggered at the evidence unfolded, for, prior to sending the men for trial by a judge and jury, he remarked that he had never in all his long experience "heard a more amazing story . . ."

When they appeared in due course before the Common Serjeant at the Old Bailey, Mr. Cecil Whiteley, K.C., he characterised the fraud as one of a most impudent type, and, adding that it was the worst of its kind he had ever heard, sent the trio of swindlers—James Arthur Aspinall, William Forbes Leslie and Robert Denholm—to jail for long and well-deserved spells.

Their downfall is of particular interest to JOHN BULL for a number of reasons.

One is that, after weeks of patient investigation into their interlocked affairs, we were—*on the very eve of their arrest*—about to publish a crushing exposure of their operations.

A full-page article, in fact, was actually in type when news of their detention by the police reached us; but, in order to be scrupulously fair and not to comment upon matters which might possibly be raised in the ensuing proceedings, the exposure was withheld from publication and replaced by another just as the issue of JOHN BULL was going to press.

From luxurious offices in Victoria Street and Piccadilly, London, Aspinall and his accomplices specialised, through plausible advertisements and other means, in inducing people to part with money, on various pretexts, in connection with certain real estate and mining ventures about which they professed to possess secret information and invaluable concessions.

*Aspinall senior in the dock in Paris. His son and his two confederates were rounded up by Div. Detective-Inspector Gordon Hester (left)*

## *Convincing tongue*

Aspinall, a gifted conversationalist, was the chief spokesman in most of the deals, and had no difficulty in bamboozling victims with his stories—no matter how incredible they really were.

He told people—some experienced men of the world, who now realise that they should have known better—that he was, with Leslie and Denholm, a joint trustee of a huge French financial "Trust," and that he and his colleagues had decided to convert the latter's securities, worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, into ready money for reinvestment in gilt-edged and rock-bottomed undertakings which would bring a big and quick return.

A typical case is that of a retired professional man, living a few miles out of London, who got in touch with Aspinall through one of his advertisements.

For the dupe's inspection Aspinall produced several documents relating to the alleged "Trust's" valuable securities, and to shares in mining ventures, explaining that he had already sunk many thousands of pounds in some of them, thereby acquiring concessions of immense value.

Aspinall's convincing tongue alone was sufficient to impress the other, and the mass of correspondence which he produced at a second interview, held at the Victoria Street office, seemed to confirm everything he had said.

There were reports from alleged experts; figures relating to the past profits of the properties supposedly owned, or in the process of purchase, by the confidential little syndicate; Press cuttings dealing with two of the mines in which the "Trust" was supposed to hold a big financial interest, and numerous other equally impressive documents.

The victim, believing that he would make a fortune rapidly, and swayed by all the golden prophecies which fell from Aspinall's lips, commenced his dealings with this mysterious syndicate by handing over £2,000.

Later he parted with more money, after Aspinall had told him that he had specially sent a famous mining engineer to South Africa to investigate and report on the increasing output, and that he had received cables which showed that the financial interests of the syndicate were improving daily.

On one occasion Aspinall played an amazing piece of bluff in order to lure his victim on and produced a prospectus and other documents issued in connection with a gold-mining company in which the syndicate was supposed to have huge holdings.

## *Trips to Paris*

Before this investor awoke to the truth that all Aspinall's stories were lies, and that most of his alleged acquisitions and financial "interests" were shams, he had parted with between £15,000 and £20,000.

He found, for instance, that several people who had similarly parted with money, either in order to share in the estimated profits or for the purpose of receiving "grants" from the so-called "Trust" for reinvestment in businesses in which they were interested, had lost faith in Aspinall and his associates to such an extent that they had consulted their solicitors.

When pressure was brought to bear on Aspinall, who lived throughout in luxury, he made constant trips to Paris "to confer," so he said, with the international financiers there who were supposedly interested with him in the operations of the "Trust."

His air-trips to France, however, were carried out to enable him to visit associates of his father, a financial rogue, who since 1913 has been plundering the public in a succession of swindles of the same incredible type.

He has been several times criticised in these columns, and in one article in particular, which appeared as long ago as the summer of 1926, he was jointly accused of fraud with his son, James Arthur, whose latest activities we are now disclosing. In the course of our past exposures we told how Aspinall senior, through the medium of mines which did not exist, or which were worthless, raised more than £140,000 in a few years from dupes who lost everything.

In one concern, which we named—the Chafnant and Devon Mining Syndicate—he deliberately planted odd supplies of ore in a mine to lead prospective victims to suppose that it was rich and productive!

He even compared it with "The Klondyke."

At the time of our 1926 exposure the Aspinalls were living in luxury in a West End mansion, with a well-stocked wine cellar, and with four motor-cars, a yacht, an electric launch, and a household staff which included butlers and valets at their disposal.

Our exposure was effective; it not only put several "about-to-be-bitten" investors on their guard in the nick of time, but was shortly afterwards followed by the arrest and conviction of both father and son.

At the Old Bailey they were sentenced to four years' penal servitude, and to nine months' imprisonment, respectively.

## *The moral . . .*

It is an interesting fact that the "Trust," which played such a large part in the recent frauds, was actually "constructed" by Aspinall senior, who started life as a humble miner, and to this day cannot write legibly or read intelligently, although his brain has proved so fertile where the raising of money fraudulently is concerned.

About the time our recent investigations commenced into the son's activities, he was relieved of one of his greatest assets—his father's advice and aid in his fraudulent designs. For the miner-magnate was sentenced in Paris for a series of financial frauds and is now serving a term of five years' penal servitude.

He is out of harm's way, at any rate, for the present. But what a moral this story affords!

His dupes, in recent escapades, include an ex-officer's widow, several people who have lost their life savings, and a maimed ex-Service man who even parted with good securities in order to participate in the rogue's fanciful and heartless schemes.

All could have saved every penny if they had just taken the simple precaution of "writing to JOHN BULL about it"!

# A product of the Empire's finest Fields

## THE CHOICE OF MORE SMOKERS THAN ANY OTHER EMPIRE TOBACCO

Digger fills the pipes of more smokers than any other Empire Tobacco produced. This is not remarkable when one considers that only the best Empire leaf goes to the making of Digger. At 8d. per ounce it is an exceptionally good smoke.

PLAYER'S
# DIGGER
TOBACCOS

8D PER OZ
2'8-¼lb TIN

Tested by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.



# 75,000 NEW HAIRS GROWN IN 3 MONTHS

**FREE BOOK** Explains How Hair and Scalp Troubles can be Banished by Simple Home Treatment.

## STUPENDOUS SUCCESS OF MARVELLOUS NEW TREATMENT

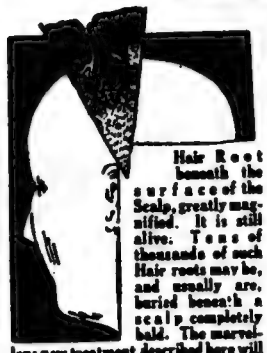
*Scalp Bald for 17 years Covered with Dense New Growth of Healthy Hair*

The secret causes of hair decay, and a wonderful new treatment have been discovered by a well-known Consulting Hair Specialist who has spent 18 years in a successful private practice.

This is Mr. A. J. Pye, of Blackpool, who has already established such a sound reputation in his special sphere of work that medical men frequently hand over to him patients troubled about their hair and scalp.

**In one recently treated case, Mr. Pye estimates that in less than 3 months the treatment has grown fully 75,000 new hairs.**

The average head of dark hair contains 110,000 hairs, and the average head of fair hair 150,000. The case referred to was one of complete baldness, in which a wig had been worn for 17 years to hide the total loss of hair. The wig is no longer needed in consequence of the wonderful new growth which has resulted from Mr. Pye's scientific treatment. It will be seen, therefore, that his estimate is well within the mark.



Hair Root beneath the surface of the Scalp, greatly magnified. It is still alive. Tens of thousands of such Hair roots may be, and usually are, buried beneath a scalp completely bald. The marvellous new treatment described here will cause these dormant Hair Roots to grow a dense mass of luxuriant hair.

### HAIR "SEEDS" STILL ALIVE IN HAIRLESS HEADS

**Mr. Pye has proved by actual cases such as the above that the hair "seeds" frequently remain alive in hairless heads for many years. In all such cases (possibly upwards of 90 per cent.) new hair growth can be achieved, provided only that the real causes of the trouble are known and proper scientific treatment is applied.**

Mr. Pye divides the causes of falling out of the hair into two classes, those which can be reached through the scalp, and those which can only be got at through the blood.

Just as there are surface disorders of the body, such as boils and carbuncles, which can, to a large extent, be treated from without, and other disorders such as Indigestion or Liver Complaint, which can only be treated from within, so some hair troubles can be treated through the scalp, while others can only be corrected through the blood. In other words, the treatment, to be successful, must in these cases build up the hair-growing cells in the scalp, by feeding these cells with hair-building material conveyed to them through the general circulation.

### HAIR-GROWING MATERIAL INCREASED TO MAXIMUM

This can now be done by means of the wonderful new treatment prescribed in all suitable cases by this skilled hair specialist, whose remedies increase the required hair-growing material in the hair cells to a maximum.

### DENSE LUXURIANT GROWTH REPLACES SCANTY HAIR

Immediately they are thus fed with the hair-growing material of which they have been starved, the dormant, or unawakened hair "seeds" spring into active life, grow with great rapidity, sprout forth vigorously upon the surface of the scalp, and develop into luxuriant hair of full natural colour and density of growth.

Many cases, on the other hand, respond with equal success to remedies applied to the scalp itself, and in these cases also Mr. Pye is achieving wonderful hair-growing triumphs. In every case the treatment is specially prepared to suit the particular type of case under consideration, and none other.

### TENDENCY OF HAIR TO FALL OUT COMPLETELY STOPPED IN 7 DAYS

Another example in passing may be given to illustrate the extraordinary success of Mr. Pye's methods. In cases where the hair has been falling out alarmingly owing to the follicles being weak and relaxed, Mr. Pye's treatment has so toned up and strengthened the follicles that **the hair fall has been completely stopped within 7 days.**

### GREYNESS IS OVERCOME AS NEW HAIR GROWS OF FULL NATURAL COLOUR

Mr. Pye's treatment is not less successful in restoring the full natural colour to grey and faded tresses. As the colouring pigment flows into the vigorous new growing hair, the grey hair gradually disappears.

### FREE DIAGNOSIS AND ADVICE

Arrangements have been made for Mr. Pye to diagnose, free of charge and without any obligation, every case of hair trouble submitted to him by readers of this paper. He will also send on application, free of charge and post free, a copy of his most important treatise entitled "How to End Hair and Scalp Troubles."

All readers are required to do is to fill up and post the special Form provided below to **Mr. A. J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool 5.**

**POST FORM FOR FREE DIAGNOSIS** *and Book of Advice.*

*Is your Hair falling out?* .....
*Receding at Temples?* .....
*Thin or Bald on Top?* .....
*Going Grey?* .....
*Is Scalp Irritable?* .....
*Is Hair Coming Off, leaving Round Bald Patches (Alopecia)?* .....
*Are you Completely Bald?* .....
*What is your Age?* .....
*Have you Dandruff?* .....
*Is Scalp Dry or Oily?* .....
*What Severe Illness?* .....
*How long ago?* .....

To ARTHUR J. PYE, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool 5.

Please send me your book, individual diagnosis of my case and personal advice, free and without obligation.

NAME .....
(Block letters)
ADDRESS .....
.....


## £1,000 and 49 Wrist-watches Won in Crossword Competition No. 292.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following five competitors, who share the £900 offered:—

F. M. Baynton, 28, New Dover Road, Canterbury.
G. A. Bourster, 75, Manor Road, Bexley.
H. Bull, 18, Wharfdale Road, King's Cross, London, N.1.
C. H. Norwood, 168, South Ealing Road, Ealing, W.5.
Mrs. F. A. Lane, 97, County Road, March, Cambs.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £180 will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 26, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 44 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 5s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A Crossword Season Ticket containing 50 Free Entries in our contest will also be sent to every Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the five sharers of the First Prize and each of the 44 Runners-up will also receive, in accordance with the conditions announced, a Bonus Award of a handsome Wrist-watch.

Surprise awards were won by 414 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

"John Bull's" Colonial Sixth Crossword Birthday Offer appears on Page 44. **50 Weekly for Life and £1,000 and 500 Birthday Cheques Yearly or one lump sum of £2,500 is the most he can win first prize, and £1,000 for Runners-up. Make up your mind to enter this great competition NOW.**


BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bedtime and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top. 1'3.

Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc



**1935 EDITION...**

A New and greatly enlarged edition of "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" is just off the Press. It describes the easy way in which you may become an **A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T.,** etc., *under our* **"NO PASS—NO FEE" Guarantee,** and contains the world's widest selection of courses in all branches of **Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., and Radio Engineering, Television, Building, etc.**

***If you are earning less than £10 per week, you cannot afford to miss this unique guide to a first-class job.***

**Don't Delay**—Send for your **Free** copy of the Handbook to-day. No cost or obligation of any kind.

**FREE!**

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, Shakespeare House, 29/31, OXFORD ST., LONDON.

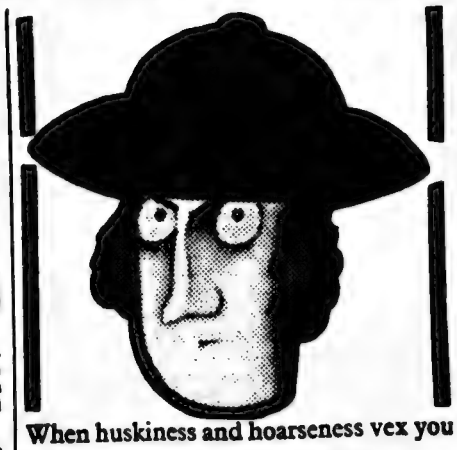


# IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.



When huskiness and hoarseness vex you
To arrest them she directs you . . .

**"Go—suck a ZUBE"**

ZUBES

3D & 6D In Flat tins 2½D Per ounce

ZUBES KEEP YOU WARM AND IN GOOD FORM

# CATARRH
## KEPT HIM AWAKE
### But Karsote soon ended that

Quickly, safely, pleasantly came blessed relief to this sufferer from wretched Catarrh. Karsote banished his misery. Gratefully he says: "I was troubled with Catarrh and terrible phlegm at back of throat, especially when I lay down, and I never really had a good night's rest. Then, I am glad to say, I saw Karsote advertised, and since I have got rid of a most unpleasant complaint by your simple method."—E. L., London, W.1. You, too, can get the same quick, sure relief by sprinkling 15 drops of Karsote Inhalant on a handkerchief and breathing in the pleasant antiseptic vapour which opens up stuffed nostrils, clears away mucus and soothes inflammation. Get Karsote (Brand) Inhalant from your chemist. 3 sizes 1/-, 1/6d. and 2/6d.

# DRINK HOT WATER EVERY DAY

Two well-known Specialists, in recent articles, both emphasized the vital importance of water for assisting the body to throw off and resist disease.

To keep in good health *every* man and woman should drink a glass of hot water each morning on rising. For those, however, who are troubled with sick headache, biliousness, bad complexion, constipation, furred tongue, liverishness or rheumatism, water alone is not quite sufficient. They should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate to flush away from the liver and bowels the uric acid, sour fermentation and poisonous waste that cause all these troublesome ailments.

A supply of 'Limestone' Phosphate costs but two shillings from any chemist, and if a little is taken daily in a glass of hot water it will prove a sure way of keeping the system clean and maintaining vigorous health.

THE BIG TWO

"SAFE AS THE BANK" John Bull — "SAFE AS THE BANK" John Bull

In addition to

FIXED PRICES FOR SIX LEAGUES

NOTHING BARRED

THE FAMOUS 'CHALLENGER'

FOOTBALL LISTS

include a

LONG ODDS LIST

offering

10,000 to 1

FOR 20 RESULTS

7,000 to 1 for 19 results | 5,000 to 1 for 18 results

No division of odds however many winners.

*Send now for Price Lists on the*

LINCOLN & NATIONAL & ENGLISH CUP

*Every Horse and Team Priced*

Please send your Weekly Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....

Address .....
J.B.

Town..... County.....

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
257 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2


# *In Our Home the* BIG PROBLEM *is—*

WE put it on the table every night; then my wife and I study the book that is such a problem to us.

With wholesalers pressing us for payment of their accounts, we feel that we simply must ask some of our customers for money owing to us, or close our shop.

"There's So-and-so," I say. "She really must pay her account; it's six months old. . . ." But my wife sighs. "Oh, we can't ask her," she says, "her husband is unemployed."

So it goes on. . . . Daily that book grows thicker . . . and our problem increases.—*E. H., Staffs.*

## *Talks Too Much*

Dear old grandad! From morn till night he talks; what he says is always right. The faintest "But . . . " evokes a torrent of words, and we've got to listen.

If the dog is unwell, there follows a lecture on canine troubles, seasoned with memories of the past. If we have our hair waved, we get his candid comments on the wisdom of wise spending.

If somebody smiles at a printed joke he is made to read it out, and compelled to listen to the multitude of jokes that made 'em laugh in the '60's. Grandad's a vocal nuisance, but we're mighty glad we've got him.—"*Modern,*" *Maidstone.*

## *They Don't Believe It*

"The boy, what will he become?" This is an old problem, but it is a big one in my home.

I have two sons, aged eighteen and twenty-one. They both want to take up music as a career, and nothing I can say will dissuade them. Yet I have been told by an expert who has heard them play that neither is ever likely to be more than mediocre.

To convince them of this without destroying their self-confidence is the biggest problem I've ever been called upon to solve.—"*Father,*" *Torquay.*

## *Strife*

Religion. That is a burning problem in my home. Father is a Catholic, while my mother is a Protestant. As if that is not enough, my brother joined the Salvation Army while he was yet in his teens.

The result is strife, strife between the three parties, all of whom declare that theirs is *the* belief, and theirs only.

My problem is to avoid being drawn into the struggle, for although I don't profess to be entirely irreligious, I think if it is to cause perpetual domestic strife I shall be better without it.—*A. C. Kent.*

## *"Offspring"*

*Our cottage is a crèche. Hardly a day passes but neighbours or relations deposit their offspring for us to mind—while they go off to the films, or set about cleaning their homes.*

*Babies usurp our best elderdown; sticky fingers mess up the furniture, flowers and plants are uprooted with impunity.*

*For the sake of peace we murmur not, but to an elderly couple who have worked hard to enjoy a quiet eventide the "We know they're safe with you" is no solution to our very real problem.—"Eventide," Mansfield.*

## *Overcrowded*

I want more room!

A working man with six big sons and daughters, my family more than fills any home I can afford. Ranging between the ages of twelve years and twenty-five, they are entitled to at least a minimum of privacy in the matter of sleeping arrangements. But with three bedrooms . . .

They want to bring friends home to tea, and I want them to, for I encourage outside friendships as a means of broadening their outlook. But with the tiny dining and living rooms of the present day . . .

I can see no solution to the problem, short of renting a small mansion, but with a total weekly budget of 70s. I'm afraid that is out of the question!—"*Full-up*" *Falkirk.*

# FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

### By our Expert—for Matches Played on February 16

**ENGLISH CUP.—Round 5.**

(1) Norwich v. WEDNESDAY.
(2) FOREST v. Burnley.
(3) Reading v. Arsenal.
(4) Stockport v. W.B. ALBION.
(5) Tottenham v. BOLTON.
*(6) BLACKBURN v. Birmingham.
(7) BRISTOL CITY v. Preston.
(8) Everton v DERBY COUNTY.

**FIRST DIVISION.**

(1) Middlesbrough v. SUNDERLAND.
**(2) WOLVES v. Huddersfield.
*(3) ASTON VILLA v Grimsby.
(4) LEEDS v. Portsmouth.

**SECOND DIVISION.**

(1) HULL v. Fulham.
*(2) NEWCASTLE v. Swansea.
**(3) PORT VALE v. Oldham.
(4) Sheffield U. v Southampton.
(5) BLACKPOOL v. Plymouth.
**(6) BRADFORD C. v. Notts County.
(7) BURY v. Bradford

**SOUTHERN SECTION.**

(1) MILLWALL v. Coventry.
(2) Q.P. RANGERS v. Bristol R.
(3) Swindon v. Luton.
*(4) TORQUAY v. Southend.
*(5) WATFORD v. Northampton.
(6) ALDERSHOT v. Brighton.
(7) BOSCOMBE v. Cardiff.
(8) C. Palace v. CHARLTON.
(9) EXETER v. Gillingham

**NORTHERN SECTION.**

**(1) LINCOLN v. Walsall.
(2) Rochdale v Chesterfield.
(3) Southport v. CHESTER.
**(4) TRANMERE v Rotherham.
(5) Wrexham v. Halifax.
(6) BARROW v. Gateshead.
(7) Carlisle v. Mansfield.
(8) Crewe v. Darlington.
(9) DONCASTER v. New Brighton.
(10) HARTLEPOOLS v. York.

**SCOTTISH LEAGUE.**

(1) KILMARNOCK v. Dunfermline.
(2) Queen's Park v. Hibernian.
(3) Queen of South v. CELTIC.
**(4) RANGERS v. Airdrie.
(5) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Dundee.
(6) ABERDEEN v. Ayr.
(7) Albion Rovers v. Falkirk.
(8) Clyde v. Motherwell.
*(9) HAMILTON v. Partick.
(10) HEARTS v. St. Mirren.

## SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—English Cup—1 (*A*); Div. I.—2 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*), Southern Section—4 (*H*); Northern Section—4 (*H*); Scottish League—3 (*A*) would indicate Wednesday, Wolves, Port Vale, Torquay, Tranmere and Celtic.

# OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

## *No Easier*

I've been wrestling with my problem for nearly two years now, but the experience I've gained from the fight has made it none the easier.

It's making both ends meet. My husband has been workless for twenty-one months, and I have had to keep a family of seven on 35s. a week. Rent, lighting and heating leave very little on which to feed five hungry and growing children, to say nothing of clothes and footwear.

But we're all happy, and that's half the battle. Besides, prosperity is just around the corner!—*H. E., Derby.*

## *Quiet, Please*

On coming home from the office and entering the house I sometimes start singing. Immediately comes: "Quiet, don't make a noise; father is in bed."

That, I think, is the big problem in our home; but we mustn't grumble, for it's only one week in three that father has to work at night.

Often it is rather difficult to arrange things so that on that particular week father has a peaceful home, with nobody to disturb his hard-earned rest; but, thanks to mother's ingenuity, a quiet and happy home is kept.—*Miss R., Neasden.*

## *Wrong System*

Homework! The work that my children are given at school, day after day, to be done at home.

I have three children, and the homework that their teachers give them occupies at least a couple of hours each night. My husband, having finished work, comes home to find the living-room littered with papers and school books. We have had arguments; yet what can we do?

The educational system to-day is wrong. It demands that children must sacrifice their leisure to do work that should be done in school.—*Mrs. G., Swanley.*

## *Quiet No More*

Wireless, often spoken of as a blessing, is a curse that is destroying the peacefulness of my home. We are a family of different temperaments. Those who like quietness have become irritable through having to listen to noises that please the more boisterous members of the family.

I am studiously inclined and fond of reading, happy pursuits that gave charm to my home. But now I have to study at the public library.

Family unity has gone, and the only solace that home now offers is bed. It's a big problem, and there seems to be no solution.—"*Peace,*" *Hillfields.*

* * *

How to cater for the family is my big problem. For what one likes another dislikes. And catering for six individual tastes is a costly business, believe me!—*Mrs. L. A., Westerham.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday February 19.

**My Greatest Mistake**

# SPRAINS, BRUISES

"—Put some Sloans on the painful spot—let it sink in and hey presto!—the pains gone!"

To drive out the pain and disperse congestion there is nothing more effective than Sloans. One application penetrates instantly, sends a supply of new blood tingling through the painful tissues, clears away congestion and gives amazing comfort and relief. Out-door workers and all who are exposed to wet and cold should keep a bottle handy to relieve aches and pains and ward off the danger of RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, BACKACHE.

Whenever you have muscular or nerve pain apply Sloans. **Attack the pain where the pain is—do not drug the whole system.** Sloans Brand Liniment penetrates, warms and soothes the nerves and tissues and clears away the congestion which causes the pain.

*At all Chemists and Stores, 1/9 per bottle*

**MADE IN ENGLAND.**

**SLOANS** LINIMENT **KILLS PAIN**

## "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

**All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.**

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

*ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."

# FREE TO FAIR HAIRED LADIES

Every lady with fair hair is to-day invited to send for entirely Free Samples of the following :—

**HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH**

is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone. From all chemists and stores, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

**HARLENE CAMOMILE SHAMPOO**

is the perfect shampoo for maintaining and preserving the beauty of fair hair. It is a tremendous boon to Fair Haired ladies which will enable them, one and all, to possess more glorious hair beauty than ever. Not only is the shampoo super-cleansing in its power, but it preserves that NATURAL Sheen and Shine which is the essence of Fair Haired Beauty. Price 1/6 per box of 7 Shampoos (Single Sachets 3d. each).

SEND 3d. STAMPS FOR POST AND PACKING FOR YOUR TWO FREE SAMPLES TO—

**EDWARDS HARLENE LTD.,**

(E.J. 230), 20/26, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

(Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.)

*This Offer does not apply to Irish Free State.*

# Beechams Brand Lung Syrup

**Stops Your COUGH**

**Eases Your CHEST**

**Lets You SLEEP**

## A Prescription That cannot Fail

The first dose of Beechams brand Lung Syrup stops coughing, brings comfort and relief. Heart and lungs are freed from sudden painful muscular shocks, tiny blood and air cells are no longer damaged by the tearing strain placed upon them. Poisonous mucous and choking phlegm is broken up and cleared away, and congestion of nose, throat and larynx is relieved. Respiratory linings are soothed and restored to their normal softness. Once more there is a free flow of warm filtered air through the nose and into the lungs. Finally, this wonderful remedy reduces your temperature, restores vitality and by means of a diuretic action on the Kidneys banishes chills right out of the system.

**1/3 & 2/6** *per bottle from chemists everywhere. 2/6 size most economical for family use. Contains 3 times the quantity for only twice the price*

**There's nothing to touch it for COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, SORE THROAT & LUNG TROUBLES**

# GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

**BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.** Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Level grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Caliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £6.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

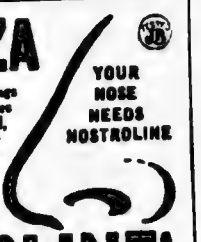
6/- NOW Tyres and Rims Red, Black or Green as desired.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

# INFLUENZA

"Nostroline" nasal remedy brings relief from Flu at once. It banishes infection in the nose, clears the head, stops nasal discharge, soothes away nasal inflammation. Acts in 30 seconds. Ends stuffiness, removes Catarrh, defeats Head Colds. Safe even for youngest child.

1/3 at all Chemists.




**'NOSTROLINE'**

*Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.94. Clifton, Bristol*

*No! No! a thousand times, No!*

"Aha-a!" cries the villain, stroking his dark ill-shaven chin. "Come here, my cheeild, and let me kiss you." "No! No! a thousand times. No!" cries the cheeild. "not until you've had a real shave with a 'STEAD' blade."

[Curtain]

Last and best act. The villain reforms and shaves happily ever after with 'STEAD' blades.

**STEAD** RAZOR BLADES

In a handy wallet of 7 blades for 6d. Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls, and most dealers sell them.

'JOHN BULL'S' COLOSSAL OFFER celebrating SIXTH CROSSWORD BIRTHDAY
£6 WEEKLY FOR LIFE...
AND
£1,000
AND
£50 BIRTHDAY CHEQUE YEARLY
on Anniversary of Success
... OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF £3,500
£1,000 For Runners-up as below....
£600 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP
£300 BONUS between Runners-up from whom 4 or more 6d Coupons are received in one envelope.
£100 EXTRA BONUS for Runners-up who are registered readers of CROSSWORD GAZETTE on ... Feb. 28.
195

**TO-DAY we celebrate in fitting fashion the Sixth Birthday of "John Bull's" unique Crossword Contest. For solving the 295th of our Compiler's absorbing squares you have an opportunity of winning one of the finest 3-in-1 prizes ever seen in connection with a Crossword Contest.**

**First, you will win our Sixth Birthday Life Pension of £6 weekly, providing a "John Bull" cheque each Saturday which will give you security and independence for life. To the blessings of a certain income, "John Bull" will add the boon of wealth at once, paying you £1,000 in cash and, finally, as a yearly reminder of this fine success, you will receive a £50 Crossword Birthday Cheque every February as long as you live.**

**Grasp these golden opportunities whilst you can. But remember—unless your squares are in by noon on Thursday, February 28, no prize in our Great Birthday Contest of 1935 can come your way!**

**FREE HELP** To secure 6 weeks' supply of *Crossword Gazette*, enclose with Crossword the Registration Coupon on page 47.

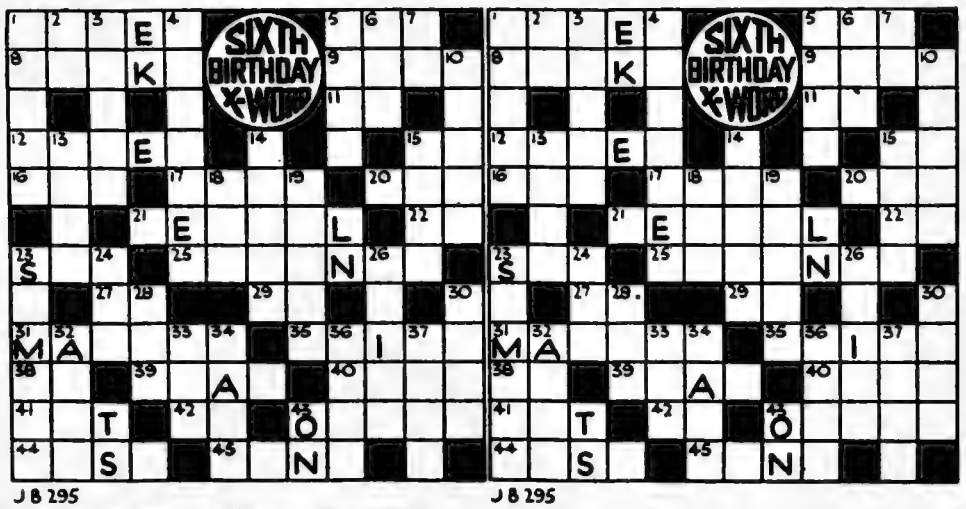
"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £6 a week, £1,000 in Cash and a £50 Birthday cheque yearly on anniversary of success (or one lump sum of £3,500) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £600 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £300 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received four or more sixpenny coupons in the same envelope and a further Bonus of £100 will be divided among Runners-up who are registered readers of the "Crossword Gazette" on Thursday, February 28. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on Thursday, March 14.

## X-Word Solution, No. 293.

Winners in 292 on page 41. Result of 293 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 293 is given here as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

**KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW**
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solution.

## "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 295—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1935




In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.**

*SIGNED* .....

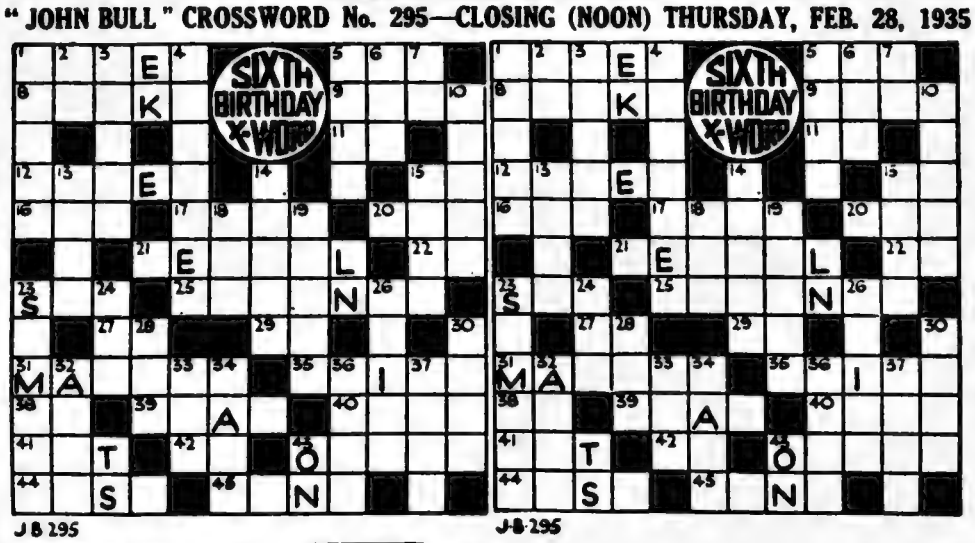
*ADDRESS* .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 295—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1935




In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

**ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-**

*SIGNED*.....

*ADDRESS*.....

.....

### STUDY THESE CLUES

**ACROSS**

1. Lawn is, by machine
5. Judge wears—and some other comedians, too
8. You're this when alarm-clock's finished
9. Leave out
11. Short for Reply Paid
12. What you do when shouting "Hooray!"
15. His opposite is Ma
16. Word in previous Clue
17. Conger variety of these are large
20. Here man acknowledges his superior
21. Is skilfully woven to ensure good reception
22. Street abbreviated and reversed
23. Generally in farm-yard—sometimes on eyelid
25. Wise man puts his in safe investment
27. Bear without head and tail
29. In the middle of well
31. How hands form up, at tattoo
35. Is needed to produce sound whisky
38. Letters which stand for Proportional Representation
39. Mothers often do this for their children
40. Notion
41. Agent shows houses to be this
42. First half of limn
43. Where sea-dogs feel at home
44. Life of this is taken in leisurely style
45. Trying to do this gets cashier into trouble

**DOWN**

1. May give feet a tiring time
2. Bow with one end missing
3. Are not what they were in Lancashire
4. Dictator gets more and more power by these
5. You seldom see screw without this
6. Mischievous kiddie
7. Give half of gift here
10. There have been many over Russia in past centuries
13. Is not always easy to grasp
14. There's oil in tree which is this
15. Miners work in them
18. Age in few letters
19. Yacht depends on them for speed
23. Such food-tuffs will help your pocket
24. Word which gives assent
26. Helps you to come down safely after climbing
28. Poisonous little reptile
30. Man who has this gets ahead
32. In built-up one, cars will soon go less fast
33. A yard and a quarter
34. Smear with paint
36. What Sonny gets when winding first watch
37. Plumber runs up bill for this

### READ THESE RULES.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, February 28.

2.—Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 14. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 26, 1935, in accordance with the directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £1,000 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £3,500 will be paid. Instead of dividing pension

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

### NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between shares. Newsagents

**ENTRY FEE.**
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

**EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE.** Further squares will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PENNY p.c. to Crossword Gazette Dept., 36, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2, stating number of 6d. entry forms required.

**ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD**
No. 295, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

**NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED**

# THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

The KID

NDY (Perth).—"I have promised to by my friend to the last shilling." shilling, of course.

IGHBROW (Hampstead).—"At the opera night I swooned with emotion." Of se you were carried away.

N. (Highgate).—"Have you noticed most lady singers are fat?" Yes, flat.

LATER (Edinburgh).—"Roofing houses grand job." We should have de- bed it as a topping one.

EACHER (Bromley).—"My son is get- quite out of hand." Why don't you h him a lesson?

M. (Hammersmith).—"If an oyster- er at a restaurant found a pearl, ld it belong to the proprietors?" It ld if he told them.

B. (Cardiff).—"The doctor says I am ering as a result of too much high g." Then why don't you move down he basement?

M. (Brighton).—"I am going to be sole backer of a new musical comedy." hope you will get a run for your ey.

NSGRUNTLED (Wigan). — "My father e me a big blow when he sent me into otton factory to earn my living." He you spinning?

iss T. (Bury).—"All I ask of my ideal is that there should be something ier about him." Legal tender, we pose?

K. B. (Sunderland).—"If you have uppy in the house everything gets wed." Except the little rascal's bis- s.

ABEL T. (Runcorn).—"Can you tell how to win the championship at a hcoming dog show?" Certainly. w the best dog.

W. G. (Fratton).—"I promised my some fish for supper as the result of day's sport, but I didn't catch any- g." Not even when you got home?

CTOGENARIAN (Ruislip).—"Every time goes out he has to put up with small ldren pestering him with a request for rette cards." That's very annoying n you're saving them yourself.

ORIS (Ingatestone). — "After going ough a tray of Valentine cards, I chose bearing the words, 'To the Only One ove.'" And how many of them did order?

OLFER (St. Andrews).—"I like to have om full of interesting knick-knacks— er cups and specimens of old Roman tery, etc." Things you've won, and ngs you have excavated?

iss J. (Dalkeith).—"I read that a man owner of a Canadian lumber busi- s has married her foreman." Doubt- he has been her regular feller for a.

L. (E.C.4).—"Walking along the slip- y pavements was so trying, I was glad sit down when I reached my office." were lucky that you didn't find that ing.

RIVER (Slough).—"Returning with an pty lorry I found a car broken down, the owner paid me well for towing to the nearest garage." You made ood haul!

LAT (Edgware).—"The man in the flat r mine ignores my repeated complaints en I write him about playing a piano ll early morning." He evidently thinks above reproach.

D. (Wolverhampton).—"It is said t after every match the wife of a cer- n Australian tennis star points out to exactly what he did wrong." Trust oman to recite her husband's faults.

LIMBER (Derbyshire). — "I thought 'd like to know that one of your cross- rd enthusiasts has climbed to the top a very high mountain." Coming across clue, "Found on mountain-tops," you ermined to find out?

REPUBLICAN (Chelsea).—"When will the British working man rise?" Just in time to get to his job.

D. S. (Warwick).—"The most excitable man I know is a manufacturer of door-knockers." He's easily rattled, eh?

P. E. (Everton).—"A freshly tossed pancake is a most appetising morsel." But you can't make a square meal of it.

P. T. (Bungay).—"Isn't it interesting to watch the birds making love in the garden now?" Yes, but not very sporting.

R. H. C. (Salop).—"Can you tell me what sort of a report follows the bursting of a geyser?" A gas inspector's.

STATISTICIAN (City).—"Only seventy out of every hundred clerks work with figures." And the rest don't count?

G. G. (Rochester).—"I see some Boy Scouts have been given a music-hall engagement." They should give at least one good turn a day.

B. S. (Blackpool).—"By the skilful use of mirrors, an American revue producer makes a dancing trio appear as a full chorus." So three is a crowd.

J. McC. (Glasgow).—"I have put my collar-stud in the same waistcoat pocket every night for thirty years." We think you must need a new waistcoat.

WORRIED (Manchester).—"The expenses of my business are mounting higher and higher." So you're going down the ladder?

M. T. (Birmingham).—"There is one British car which is going ahead by leaps and bounds." But only when the wife drives.

WATCHMAKER'S APPRENTICE (E.C.4).—"Because I could not manage a certain repair, I had to practise on my own watch." You had to do it in your own time?

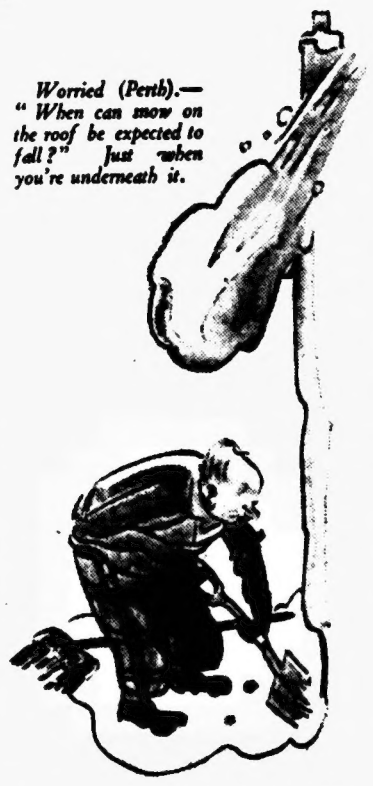
R. J. (Hampstead).—"I earned just over six shillings a day, sweeping and shovelling the snow away." And though it doesn't sound an awful lot, it was all clear profit, wasn't it?

DISAPPOINTED (Maida Vale).—"Because I am very small, I lost the stuff I wanted through not being able to see the auctioneer over the heads of the crowd." Well, things always go to the highest bidder!

TRAINER (Whitechapel).—"If a young man has the ambition to became a famous all-in wrestler, he must be prepared to go through a great deal during his career." Including, possibly, the ropes.

G. F. (Manchester).—"I read that a woman complained in court that she made her husband a pudding, but he gave it to her dog." Doubtless her real grievance was that he refused to buy her another dog.

PENNILESS MUSICIAN (Chelsea).—"When I think of the colossal amount of money that some musicians make through composing absolute rubbish I get hot and bothered with fury." You should compose yourself.



*Worried (Perth).—"When can snow on the roof be expected to fall?" Just when you're underneath it.*

T. R. (Epsom).—"My autumn sweet-pea plants are now a picture." In a frame?

DUD (Leicester).—"What test tells whether a half-crown is a counterfeit one or not?" Trying to pay it into the bank.

REFORMER (Derby).—"I think people ought to be punished for gambling at race meetings." They are—when the numbers go up.

G. B. (Perth).—"I read that a Mexican desperado was seized by warders just as he was wrenching the bars of his prison window apart." Caught bending!

A. R. (Liverpool).—"Now that the Cup Ties are well under way, people are wondering what we may expect to see at Wembley this year." Football.

M. D. (Berne).—"Cream is carried in cans, pannier fashion, by mules down the mountain slopes of our farm." This doubtless saves the expense of churns.

B. B. (Derby).—"Since learning to ski in Switzerland, I feel that I know the Alps almost as friends." You came into close contact with them?

MISS F. (Ealing).—"I suggest that hoops should be used to hold couples together in teaching people to waltz." But we already have our dance bands.

G. S. (Liverpool).—"Somebody has stolen the copies of all my letters to you over the past two years." You should be able to catch the thief napping.

BRAVE (Prestatyn).—"Although he was three stone heavier than me, I struck him a hard blow and made him run." Did he catch you?

D. A. (Dulwich).—"My wife often comes to watch me play rugger." Picking up hints for bargain basement battles, no doubt.

MRS. C. (Liverpool).—"I think a leg of pork is a wasteful joint. To start with, you have the bone . . ." That's what you finish up with, surely.

DADDY (Northallerton).—"My wife said it was my duty to carry the baby, so to please her I put him on my shoulder." You shouldered your responsibility like a man!

J. B. (Catford).—"Considering their popularity, football stars are poorly paid." Join the *Bullets* team with an application coupon from page 47. This week's 50 best players are to receive prizes value over £1,570.

TED (Birmingham).—"I can remember quite distinctly the flooded village and the excitement of the inhabitants. It was night-time and the rescuers worked with improvised flares." Flood-lit, as it were.

*(Many replies unavoidably held over)*

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

**Beware of SEPTIC Poison**

Neglect of a small sore or abrasion may cause not only pain and discomfort—it can start virulent septic infection. You should act at once; apply Germolene Brand Aseptic Ointment. Let this wonderful remedy remove all impurities. Germolene penetrates to the furthest point of danger, instantly killing every poisonous germ, soothing, cleansing, and healing with remarkable speed. The treatment which is so successful over ulcers, eczema, burns, and scalds and many severe forms of skin disease is perfect for slight troubles.
Don't be without Germolene in your home. It isn't worth the risk. Obtainable from all Chemists in tins 1/3, 3/- and 12/-.

**Germolene** Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

**No More Grey Hair**

Grey hair makes you look older than you are. Restore the natural colour of youth by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN
BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

**PILES!**

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external, blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3s. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

**MANZAN**
Brand PILE REMEDY
*To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.*

**Kill Kidney Trouble Quick**

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Burning, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's safe, pure prescription called Cystex Brand Tablets. Specially prepared to soothe, tone, clean, and heal raw, sore Kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts cleaning disease poisons from the blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to cure or money back. Only 3/- from all chemists, including Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's or Williams, 81, Lamb's Conduit-st., London, W.C.1.

# BABY'S ECZEMA

QUICK HEALING FOLLOWS INSTANT RELIEF FROM TORTURE

It wrings a mother's heart to see her baby disfigured and tormented by some horrible, sleep-destroying skin eruption. But helplessness and grief are promptly turned to confidence and joy at the amazing effects of Cuticura treatment. Its cooling, soothing action gives instant relief from itching torture. Baby gets his natural sleep and begins to thrive. As the treatment proceeds, the eruption dies down and steadily fades until no blemish remains.

## How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching, and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

## Baby Pitiful To See

"Red spots started on my baby's face and they itched all the time, causing baby to scratch and lose a lot of sleep. Her little face was a terrible sight; she was pitiful to look at. It used to burn and was terribly inflamed and moist. I had her treated, but she got no better. Then I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment, now baby is perfectly healed and has a lovely skin. (Signed) Mrs. F. Moon, 42, St. John's Road, Elvington, Nr. Dover.

Cuticura Ointment 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. Cuticura Soap 1/-. Sample of Soap, Ointment and Talcum sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp for postage.
Address: Cuticura (Dept. 78 HO) Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 31 Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

# Cuticura

SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC HEALING

## NIGHTS OF AWFUL STOMACH PAIN

What a relief to be able to eat and sleep normally after years of stomach trouble which caused nights of unbearable pain.

No wonder Mr. T. Cairns, of 50, Leitrim Street, Belfast, says he was fortunate when he tried Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

"Being a sufferer from stomach trouble for years, I have tried every other remedy I could hear about, without success, until I had the good fortune of trying your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now I can eat anything without suffering ill effects. I have lain in bed at nights in a cold sweat through pain almost unbearable, but since using your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, I can sleep in peace and comfort. I am recommending Maclean Brand Stomach Powder every opportunity I get, and will continue to do so, as I pity anyone suffering as I did."

Get a bottle to-day, but do not accept an inferior substitute in order to save a few pence. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

## NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. **Get it Now!**

**Shadforth Prescription No. 285.**
Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).
*Privately packed and post free at these prices from*
**Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,**
(Dept. J.B.28A), 48, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4

# PILES ENDED WITHOUT SURGERY

## *OUR FREE OFFER*

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment are amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application, and effects a cure in the shortest possible time. Read what our cured patients say:—

Mr. P. H., of Cardiff, writes:—"I suffered for two years and spent pounds trying to get ease, with no result. Now, within three weeks of using the Magic Pile Cure, all pain and swelling has gone. I consider the treatment worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. F., of Kingston, says:—"The Magic Pile Cure has worked wonders with me. After suffering for six months I am now quite cured."

With the Magic Pile Cure there is no painful or dangerous operation to be faced; no harmful drugs to undermine the system; nothing to interfere with the daily routine. Just a soothing, healing remedy, easily applied, and affording relief with the first application. **Try this treatment at our expense. Write to-day and a complete 5/- Treatment will be sent FREE, post paid, in plain cover.**

**MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.23, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.**

## HERE'S THE LATEST!

### BETTER VITAMINS THAN COD LIVER OIL IN TASTELESS TABLETS.

**Great Flesh Builder for Skinny, Weak, Run-down People.**

No more need weak, thin, unfortunate children cry in protest when the fishy-tasting Cod Liver Oil is brought out.

Medical science progresses rapidly, and now you can get at your chemist's the benefit of the A and D Vitamins, which make Cod Liver Oil so beneficial, in sugar-coated tablets that young and old can take with pleasure. Thin, run-down anæmic men, women and children who need to grow strong and take on flesh are advised to get a box of "Clotabs," as these tablets are known, and if you don't gain 5 lb. with 30 days' treatment as prescribed just get your money back.

They're made from Halibut Liver Oil which is even richer in vitamins than Cod Liver Oil and they're working wonders like these. One little girl who was very weak after Diphtheria and unable to go to school improved the very first week and put on 4 lbs. in three weeks. A little boy who was run-down and underweight gained 21 lbs. of sturdy flesh. A lady at Wembley who was "always tired" gained new energy and strength. A man who was thoroughly run-down after "teeth trouble" found immediate improvement and gained at least 3lbs.

Just ask for Clotabs, any good chemist will tell you that they are wonderful flesh and health builders, and don't forget that they are wonder workers for feeble old folks. Only 1/3 and 3/- the bottle from any chemist. For useful weight recording Chart send 1½d. in stamps to Macleans, Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Mdx.

## THREEFOLD RUPTURE TRIUMPH!

## FATHER & TWIN SONS SAY GOOD-BYE TO RUPTURE WORRIES

Read this amazing letter—one of the thousands received every year from overjoyed users in praise of the Wonderful Brooks Appliance.

"My *heartfelt thanks* for all that your Appliance has meant to my twin boys. I sent for your booklet, eventually procuring your Appliance for the twins, and in 18 months they were both *effectively and permanently cured.* So I procured a Brooks Appliance, which I found very beneficial. I have now *discarded the Appliance* and given it to a neighbour. We have passed the good tidings on to several friends with the usual good result."

Mr. A. C. Smith,
40, Lime Ave., Huthwaite, Mansfield.

**Don't** suffer any longer from neglected Rupture or from an out-of-date truss. Do as Mr. Smith and **764,000** others have done. Do as **2,300 English doctors recommend.** Find out how you can try out a Brooks for yourself FREE. Send for booklet RIGHT NOW and stop your Rupture worries for good!

## COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

(Post to either London or Manchester)
**BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. LTD.,**
**(482T), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.**
**(482T), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.**

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture and your Free 10 Days' Trial Offer.

*NAME*.....

*ADDRESS*.....

.....
(Please write plainly).

CUT OUT AND POST—id STAMP


# RADIO'S GREATEST THRILL

## *For him . . . and you!*

*"Such a splendid prize!" he says*

IN the whole history of broadcasting, no programmes ever planned have been so good to look forward to as those for the next three months.

In addition to the nightly attractions to be provided in March and April, listeners with good receivers will be able to hear so clearly the exciting progress of the Grand National, the Boat Race and the Cup Final, that even television could add little to their thrills.

Then comes the month of May, with an array of special broadcasts and star programmes to mark the King's Silver Jubilee.

### Join These Listeners

Fortunate indeed are the folk who can look forward to-day to enjoying these radio thrills on receivers which can reproduce voices, melody and all other sounds to perfection. Fortunate, for instance, are Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Taylor, whose home is at 105, Brookvale Road, Witton, Birmingham.

"My *Bullets* Radio arrived on Monday afternoon," Mr. Taylor told JOHN BULL, "and I was unable to eat my tea for excitement. I set to work to fix it up at six o'clock and, at the first touch, stations came rolling in one after the other.

"My wife, who is simply delighted, says what a wonderful piece of furniture it is." This winner concludes "and I can hardly yet realise I have won such a splendid prize."

Equally fortunate will be the 50 chief winners in this week's giant offer of Cash plus Radio prizes to the value of over £1,570. There is no reason why you should not be amongst them and so join the throng of listeners whose radio has been won with a *Bullet*.

### From our World Travellers

This message was flashed to JOHN BULL by Mr. C. H. Turner, 6, Fairview Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingha... who, with his w... and son, is enjo... ing the World Cru... that was part of h... Turner's First Prize... *Bullets* 942nd Conte...

"ARRIVED NAPL... PERFECT TRI... VISITED POMPEII TO... DAY. VESUVIU... TO-MORROW. DU... ATHENS MONDA... HAVING WONDERFU... TIME. TURNER."

From Cairo came a... other cable from t... "Empress of Britain"... "Bulleteer" passe... gers. "HAD WO... DERFUL WEE... PALESTINE, EGYPT... it ran. "SAIL TO... MORROW BOMBA... GREETINGS AL... 'BULLETEERS.'"

Further messag... from Mr. and Mr... Turner will appear e... this page in due cour...

—and later, another opportunity for yo... to see the world at JOHN BULL'S expens...

### His Guide to Success

"Absolutely indispensable," is the tr... bute paid to *Bullets Bulletin* by a recen... big winner, Mr. W. Newey, 9, Mona Roa... Erdington, Birmingham.

"I am a working man," he says, "wit... limited leisure and education. But wit... the *Bulletin* to assist me I do not regar... myself as handicapped.

"It seems to me," he adds, "that th... *Bulletin* is published in order to give ever... entrant the same opportunity of success...

### Help Yourself to a Prize

To-day it has been made easier tha... ever for you to secure a free supply of thi... invaluable aid to a big *Bullets* triumph... By enclosing the new Easy Reservation... Coupon on opposite page with you... *Bullets* or Crossword entry, you secur... with the minimum of trouble and expens... a six weeks' supply of the brightest, mos... practical and authoritative weekly which... any would-be winner can obtain.

See that your entry for one of thi... week's 50 fine Cash-plus-Radio prizes i... accompanied by this application for 4... pages of practical help to success.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 969

### FIRST PRIZE—£500 AND GIFT EVERY WEEK FOR LIFE:

**S. C. BUTCHER, 1, Dent-de-Lion, Garlinge, Margate.**

Example: THE WRONG ANSWER
Bullet: "MOONSHINE"—LIGHT CHILD'S WAY!

### SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

**Mrs. E. DUTTON, 181, Princes Avenue, Palmers Green, N.**
Example: Sonny's Writing
Bullet: Every "Sentence," "Hard Labour."

### THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

**L. BRIGGS, 9, Central Avenue, Shortstown, Bedford.**
Example: Splendid
Bullet: "Sand," Campbell's Showing Daytona.

### OTHER PRIZES:

**£20:** Miss M. BROWN, Cromwell House, Pinons, High Wycombe.
Shadows—"Dancing"—Darby Clasps "Partner."

**£17 10s.:** R. T. YEEND, 49, Clifford Road, Wallasey Cheshire.
Village Wooing—Beneath Stars, Beats "Stars'."

**£15:** J. KNIGHT, 45, Albert Road, Evesham.
Faded Flowers—In "Hot Rhythm's" Grip.

**£12 10s.:** Mrs. A. L. HOLLAND, Woodlands, New Road, Stokenchurch, Bucks.
Drunk With Power—Then Disarmament "Keyhole" Troublesome.

**£10:** Miss G. L. CASH, 6/37, Prescott Street, Birmingham.
Living In Luxury—And Specialist's Consulting Room!

**£9 17s. 6d.:** W. W. TWEEDIE, Muirhead House, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow.
Through The Window—Snowstorm Admired—Fireside Envied.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**£9 15s.:** E. D. BATH, 75, St. Mary's Grove, Chiswick, W.
The Door—To War, "Openness" Closes.

**£9 12s. 6d.:** E. CROFT, 66, Washington Street, Girlington, Bradford.
Faded Flowers—Take *Me* To *Her*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**£9 10s.:** C. DENVILLE, 74, Portland Road, Radford, Notts.
Drunk With Power—Dictator—Here's To Parliament!

**£9 7s. 6d.:** J. W. NASH, 307, Berkhampstead Road, Chesham Bucks.
On Wings—Without A "Rudder." Man.

**£9 5s.:** H. PARRIS "The Briery" Victoria Road, Bexley, Kent.
Leading The Way—*From* War, Modern "Joans."

**£9 2s. 6d.:** F. CLARKSON, 3, Coastguards, East Cliff, Dover.
Sonny's Writing—Name—Seldom Writes Ch...

**£9:** G. RANKIN, 84, Ampthill Road, Liverpool.
Shadows—Wane When We Wan...

**£8 17s. 6d.:** S. C. STAGG, Gresley Villa... Burgh Road, Skegness.
In The Cart—Hiker Developed *Another* Blister!

**£8 15s.:** C. M. WILLIS, 70, Elm Street, Roath, Cardiff.
In One Breath—My "Flame" Extinguished *Me.*

**£8 12s. 6d.:** S. BAKER, 94, Sandilands Road, Fulham, S.W.
Talking In Millions—Financiers Dreads Saying "Ninety-nine."

**£8 10s.:** B. POSTLEWHITE, 11, Cadeby Avenue, Conanby, Rotherham.
The Door—Fool's Past Pulls Hard.

**£8 7s. 6d.:** Mrs H. HOLLISTER, 16, The Chase, London, S.W.
Sonny's Writing—Hand That Rocks *Table.*

**£8 5s.:** S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
Village Wooing—"Slow Game"—Everybody *Interested.*

**£8 2s. 6d.:** T. GORTON, 103, Bolton Road, Walkden, Manchester.
Shadows—Everywhere? You're "Bright One".
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

**£8:** A. BROWN, 6, Pilgrim Street, Nelson, Lancs.
Village Wooing—Before Fire-engine Would Start!

**A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."**

**ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.**

# FIFTY 6-VALVE RADIO SETS with FIFTY 'BULLETS' CHEQUES

BUMPER 1st PRIZE £600 CASH, PLUS £12.12s. ALL-MAINS RADIO

£50 PLUS RADIO · £25 PLUS RADIO · £20 PLUS RADIO · £18 PLUS RADIO · £16 PLUS RADIO · £14 PLUS RADIO · £12 PLUS RADIO · £10 PLUS RADIO · £9 PLUS RADIO

£8 PLUS RADIO · £7 PLUS RADIO · £6 PLUS RADIO · £5 PLUS RADIO · 3 OF £4 PLUS RADIO · 3 OF £3 PLUS RADIO · 30 OF £2 PLUS RADIO

500 of 2/6 · 2,000 Red Seal 'Targets' · 8,000 'Targets'

**EACH £12.12s. RADIO** is a superb All-mains 'Philips' instrument in walnut cabinet, giving astonishing reception and fully guaranteed. Battery Model available if required.

**SAYS A 'PHILIPS' RADIO WINNER . . .**

"A marvellous Set — and what reception! Stations came through wonderfully and made me wish I could enjoy all the various entertainments at once!"

J. Fletcher,
43, Granton Cres., Edinburgh.

9 7 2

## PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,570 IN HUGE CASH-PLUS-RADIO OFFER!

THE splendid one-week Contest launched to-day provides one of the finest lists of Cash-plus-Radio prizes ever seen. And if one of your *Bullets* proves to be the best effort entered, your reward will be a £600 fortune as well as one of the superb instruments offered on this page.

Few prizes can quite grip the imagination like a magnificent Radio such as the latest "Philips" models awaiting this week's winners.

The coming months will be full of radio thrills. With one of these *Bullets* radios you will be able to enjoy them all, for the realism with which it brings the programmes to your fireside is astonishing.

Remembering that each of this week's fine instruments is accompanied by a substantial cheque, decide now that this is an opportunity to grasp with both hands.

## HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, first read through the *Examples* and jot down all the rough ideas they suggest. Now a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which form an apt and original comment, neatly linked to the chosen *Example*. So you must next take each of your rough comments in turn and polish it into a *Bullet* accordingly.

For instance, against the *Example*, LIKE A GHOST, you might well write the rough note, *Reveller Looks, Next Morning*. This you could readily improve into the finished *Bullet*, LIKE A GHOST—"HOLDING HEAD" MORNING AFTER.

Before beginning on your *Bullets*, study the good points of the winning efforts on the previous page. Then settle down to making up your own *Bullets*, see that your entry reaches the judges by Saturday, February 23, and a big cheque with a perfect Radio may well be your reward.

### USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA'S FRIENDS
NEW DEAL
HOPES
LONELY TRAVELLER
ARTFUL FOX
STRENUOUS STRUGGLE
TO CHEER HIM UP
LIKE A GHOST
SCRUBBING THE FLOOR
BRAINS
FOR A SONG
LAST OF THE MOHICANS
MAN ON CRUTCHES
UNCOMPLIMENTARY
GROWLING
HER CHILD
MY DICTATOR
FOR EUROPE'S GOOD
CONDUCTOR RAMSAY
BLISS
FRIGHTENED FATHER
FIRST OFFENCE
SEEKING ADVENTURE
SAID THE HEAVYWEIGHT
"NEVER AGAIN!"
IN 1955
HUNTING
IN THE KITCHEN
SISTER'S LATEST
KICKING HIMSELF
THE EXPERT
QUEER CARD
SOULLESS
FAIRY FOOTSTEPS
NO BED OF ROSES
MELODY OF LOVE

**SAVE MONEY**

by enclosing this new Easy Registration Coupon with your entry for "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords, and thus secure 48 pages of Competition assistance

**FREE!**

### ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.**

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 966 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. V. Stirland, London Road, Gloucester.

**ENTRY-FEE**—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| **(972)** Closing SAT., Feb. 23. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address ..... |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| **(972)** Closing SAT., Feb. 23. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address ..... |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| **(972)** Closing SAT., Feb. 23. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address ..... |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| **(972)** Closing SAT., Feb. 23. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address ..... |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| EXAMPLE | | |
| BULLET | | |
| **(972)** Closing SAT., Feb. 23. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address ..... |

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 972 usually purchase "John Bull."

**Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 972, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

# The Good Samaritan OF Sheffield

*Relieved His Own 6½ Years'*

## RHEUMATISM

*Banished His 2 Relatives'*

## HEADACHE & NEURALGIA

To play the part of the Good Samaritan . . . to bring Health and Cheer where before was Agony and Misery—To save suffering . . . to relieve distress and pain . . . surely that is the greatest service one person can render to another!

That is the part played by the happy man who writes the letter below! It is an epic story for all who are in the grip of agonising PAIN.

For 6½ years he himself suffered the torture of dread Rheumatism! All kinds of treatment failed to do him good! He was getting **WORSE!!** A friend recommended "Yeast-Vite" to him! He took it and found relief! But he was not content with finding new health himself . . . he wanted ***other*** sufferers to know the wonderful Power of Yeast-Vite. A relative was in bed with awful Neuralgia . . . the "Good Samaritan" came along . . . gave him two Yeast-Vite Tablets and the Neuralgia was conquered. Another had a terrible headache . . . again the "Good Samaritan" came with his Yeast-Vite Tablets. The headache vanished "like magic"!

Read the story in his own words!

*Dear Sirs,—I have been a sufferer from Rheumatism for the past six-and-a-half years, being troubled mainly in the hips, thighs, knees and occasionally in the shoulders.*

*I have tried almost everything. I have been in Hospitals and Institutions, and until a friend recommended me to try your Yeast-Vite Tablets, I seemed to be getting worse every day. Since getting a bottle of your Tablets I seem to be picking up wonderfully, and my friends keep telling me that I am looking much better.*

*The other day one of my relations had Neuralgia and was in bed with it, so I asked him to try a couple of your tablets, and in an hour or so he was up and outside again.*

*Earlier on in the day another one had a terrible headache, and I gave her two of your tablets and it vanished like magic.—I remain, Yours truly, J. D., Sheffield.*

*Another Record Tribute To*

## YEAST-VITE

Still they come, these grateful letters of praise from people in every corner of the globe; proving up to the hilt that "Yeast-Vite is life."

Not only to those in PAIN does Yeast-Vite bring its unequalled blessings.

—**To the Weak and Weary it brings new strength and energy.**
—**To the Stomach sufferer it brings new appetite, new enjoyment of food.**
—**To the Nerve Racked and Despondent it brings new life and confidence.**
—**To the Sleepless and Exhausted it opens up a new vista of happiness.**

For Yeast-Vite is LIFE. Yeast-Vite is the Wonder Tonic of the Age.

From the very first dose you feel Renewed — Refreshed — Reinvigorated. PAIN disappears! WEAKNESS is changed to STRENGTH! Life becomes happy—Joyous—WORTH LIVING.

***Don't fear 'FLU Fight it!!***

Yeast-Vite gives you the POWER. It feeds, nourishes and strengthens. It rejuvenates, revitalises and reinvigorates. It makes your whole body fighting fit to resist influenza and disease germs.

## NO CURE—NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

## *YOUR* QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

| *FROM* | *TO* | *TIME* |
|---|---|---|
| NERVE PAINS | *Glorious Relief* | In 5/15 MINS. |
| HEADACHES | *Deliverance* | In 5/15 MINS. |
| LASSITUDE | *Vim and Vigour* | In 10/20 MINS. |
| DEPRESSION | *Buoyant Energy* | In 10/20 MINS. |
| "NERVES" | *Steadiness* | In 10/20 MINS. |
| INDIGESTION | *Keen Appetite* | In 15/30 MINS. |
| EXHAUSTION | *Animation* | In 15/30 MINS. |
| SLEEPLESSNESS | *Calm Repose* | In 30/60 MINS. |
| RHEUMATISM | *Pain Relief* | In 24 HOURS |
| CONSTIPATION | *Regularity* | In 36 HOURS |
| IMPURE BLOOD | *Purification* | In 36 HOURS |

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